20c MARCH 16, 1953

KEFAUVER ON A FAIR CONDUCT CODE FOR CONGRESS

New Republic

RUSSIA AFTER STALIN

LEGACY OF STALINISM, PROBLEMS OF SUCCESSION

THE IMPACT ON EAST EUROPE AND ASIA

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
Johnson City, Tennessee
MAR 12 1953

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters

"A Means of Meeting"

● I see *New Republic* at the library, sometimes find time to read it; my reading time is painfully limited, my "white-collar" salary rather insignificant beside the really astonishing heights of the cost-of-living; yet I felt that I simply had to have *NR* at home, about election time and for a while thereafter. So I sent a dollar for a 13-week subscription without even having seen an announcement of a current offer. When the time was up, I didn't see how I could do without it: I don't feel that I *can* read even the occasional circulating copy of *US News* or *Newsweek* that I used to take home (especially the former, with its arrogant exaltation at big business again in control; I do sometimes read Lindley in *Newsweek).* So I decided to squeeze the *NR* into the budget and the meager reading time.

And then I was faced with the significance of your analysis of Washington goings-on as related to the one-party press. It isn't enough for me to subscribe and read—I'm already convinced. Highly important is your sponsorship of a vital consolidation of liberal forces behind a great leader whom the public discovered just in time to see him snatched away. . . . It constitutes a means of meeting, keeps us assured that others over the country are still moving along as interested and active as ever in the liberal cause. The letters from readers hold a significance for such unification far beyond readers letters that I have ever read before. I can't go to meetings, nor spend much money in the cause, but I'm passing my magazine on. Mostly so far to individuals who I knew welcomed them—several for each copy. It is this reading and conversation which will keep individuals everywhere from giving up. The "What's-the-use?" attitude comes easily when the conservative attitude is apparently everywhere accepted by the one-party press.

Now I have arranged to place my back copies in the local Labor Temple, which has a magazine table. The man who answered the phone said they were 100 percent for Stevenson. I live among rock-ribbed Republicans who read the same kind of papers. The "big lie" technique does get results, even in the form of distorted emphasis headlines. Each one's conversation helps just that much, to combat it. The Truman Administration's shortcomings were unfortunately of a kind that lends itself to big headlines. The constructive things he did—splendid ones, some of them—were mostly less spectacular, taken for granted; and some, as executive reorganization, died in an antagonistic Congress. The public mind mostly doesn't seek in the fine print or back pages for such significant items, nor dig out for itself their significance, nor remember long if they did catch it over the radio. I think the picture which most of the public got of him was a caricature, so that the masses for whom he did so much and tried to do still more, were contaminated by the distortion.

Chicago, Ill. B. N.

Why the Democrats Lost

● While I admire Senator Humphrey for his liberalism and courage I think he is wrong in his opinion that the defeat last fall was due to faulty organization. He also says the way for the Democratic Party to regain power is to perfect the party organization by hard work.

No amount of doorbell ringing would have prevented the landslide in the recent election. Right or wrong, people wanted a change. And they voted for some of their worst enemies to get that change. Mr. Truman did not deign to explain many of his unpopular acts. . . .

If Taft does not become too offensive and succeed in taking away some of the substantial benefits from the 20 years of "missrule," it may be a long time before there will be another Democratic President. . . . The best party organization in history would be futile without the right kind of a program.

Mt. Prospect, Ill. E. W. SPRINGER

Threat to Education

● You are so right in your concern over the promised threat to our freedom to think, to teach. Apparently with a change of administration, fingers are still going to point. Under the democratic system, we have reserved the right to criticize public officials and when the "outs" were pointing at the "ins, many thought there was nothing fearsome. Now, the "ins' are going to point.

They point at our schools, the very mainstay of our democracy. Look back along the finger. Who is it who opposes liberal education? Are these pointing "super-patriots" akin to other well-known authoritarians?

Peekskill, N. Y. P. K. S.

Competing Organization

● I would suggest that the somewhat cryptic report in your issue of February 16, on the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, gives less than the whole picture.

There is no particular reason for a new organization on civil liberties. The American Civil Liberties Union and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People between them cover the field fully and effectively. Both have stood for the civil rights of Communists, but the American Civil Liberties Union denies membership on its Board to Communists, and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People directs its branches to reject members who follow the Communist line and directs its Board to reorganize branches dominated by those who follow the Communist line.

The Emergency Civil Liberties Union was formed in October, 1951, just a few months after the Civil Rights Congress, which had been handling the legal defense work of the Communist Party, ran into difficulty about getting its bail money accepted by the courts. . . . [When] the courts refused to accept the money they put up for bail, the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee was formed. . . .

(Continued on page 4)

Bandwagon

Footnote on History

Members of Congress are becoming increasingly agitated about their own parking problems. . . .

"There are many things," he [Rep. George M. Rhodes (D, Pa.)] said, "that the recent Democratic Administrations have been charged with unjustly, but they can't escape the blame for growing parking and traffic problems.–*From the Washington* Post.

Big Help

The Temporary State Housing Rent Commission no longer will issue an order raising the rent ceiling on a vacant apartment on the basis of increased services or equipment.

State Rent Administrator Joseph D. McGoldrick said yesterday that a landlord might make improvements in a vacant apartment but would not receive an order raising the maximum rent until a tenant took possession. – *News story in the New York* Times.

Seems Likely

Through radio and television, more people now learn of Christ each week than in the first 1,000 years before Christianity, the Religious Radio and Television Institute was told at a meeting here. The statement was made by Dr. Roland Bridges of Stanford, Me. – *From Chicago* Sun-Times.

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – The Editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Republic

CONTENTS FOR MARCH 16, 1953

5 A Journal of Opinion and the Challenge of 1953
An Editorial

6 Silencing Drew Pearson
An Editorial

7 The Soviet Future Seen from the UN

8 Stalin's Place in History
by Samuel L. Sharp

10 The Stalin Pattern for Power

14 A Fair Conduct Code for Congress, by Estes Kefauver

16 Literature and the Arts:

16 James Burnham, *Containment or Liberation?* by Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

18 George Orwell, *Such, Such were the Joys*, by Stephen Spender

19 Samuel Johnson, *Letters*, by Lillian de la Torre

20 Peter Viereck, *Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals*, by Merle Miller

20 Kay Cicellis, *No Name in the Street*, by Donald Sutherland

21 Bruce Hutchison, *Incredible Canadian*, by Alastair Buchan

21 Mrs. Robert Henrey, *The Little Madeleine*, by T. Fitzsimmons

22 Georges Simenon, *Satan's Children*, by S. M. Fitzgerald

23 William Inge, *The Picnic*, by Eric Bentley

EDITOR, Michael Straight
CHAIRMAN, Editorial Board: Bruce Bliven
PUBLISHER: Daniel Mebane
MANAGING EDITOR: Helen Fuller
LITERARY EDITOR: Robert Richman
REPORTERS: Jean Begeman, Tom Fitzsimmons, Arnold J. Heidenheimer (on leave with the Armed Services)
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Eric Bentley, Drama Critic; Malcolm Cowley; Robert Evett, Music Critic.
CONTRIBUTING CRITICS: W. H. Auden, Dudley Fitts, Kimon Friar, Gerald Johnson, V. O. Key, Max Lerner, Richard Lester, James R. Newman, Kathleen Raine, John Crowe Ransom, Herbert Read, Mark Schorer, James Johnson Sweeney, Allen Tate, Robert Penn Warren
ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT: F. R. Ruskin
COPY ASSISTANT: Lucille Davis

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1953 IN THE USA BY WESTBURY PUBLICATIONS, INC., PUBLISHING OFFICE 301 N ST., N.E., WASHINGTON 2, D. C. EDITORIAL COMMUNICATIONS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO 1416 F ST., N.W., WASHINGTON 4, D.C. BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO 40 EAST 49th ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y. ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER SEPTEMBER 26, 1950, AT THE POST OFFICE AT WASHINGTON, D. C., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879. SINGLE COPY, 20c; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, $6.50; CANADA AND FOREIGN, $7.50.

WASHINGTON WIRE

COMMENTATORS on Stalin's death are taking millions of words to say there is little to be said. Obviously Stalin's divinity cannot be transferred quickly to a successor. Obviously there will be the temptation for the successor to try to unify Russia by aggression abroad. Obviously this increases our danger and puts higher demands on our maturity. That is all that we can say and about all, we believe, anybody else can say so far.

At home the ticking clock brings Eisenhower closer to the day when he must take promised tax cuts and a balanced budget out of the magician's hat. Democrats aren't pressing him, but Republicans are. March 14 is Income-Tax Week and the implacable House tax committee chairman, Rep. Dan Reed (R, N.Y.), warns that he will bring the matter to a floor show-down soon if the Ike leadership doesn't release Reed's tax-cut bill from the Rules Committee. Indications are the Administration now realizes it out-promised itself in the election. But it is too late now—tough GOP House members will revolt if Ike doesn't act.

Other developments:

The Senate GOP, under Taft, defied Ike on the wording of the anti-enslavement resolution. This killed it. The detached political scientist can find here the perfect laboratory example of how political demagoguery defeats national interest. The GOP platform promised to "repudiate" Potsdam and Yalta; Ike helped build up the Potsdam-Yalta myth. Then after the election, when Dulles tried to get through a watered-down resolution blaming Russia (which he said would rank with the Monroe Doctrine), the GOP Senators couldn't back down from their thesis that it was all the fault of FDR and Truman. So . . . exit the new "Monroe Doctrine."

Offshore oil: It all seemed simple to Ike in the campaign—give the oil to the coastal states. His attitude helped carry Texas. Now Attorney General Herbert Brownell finds the constitutional ground shaky and proposes a trick scheme that does not cede actual federal title. Coastal states are aroused. The *Wall Street Journal* reports, "Lawmakers grumble at his [Ike's] indecision." The New York *Times* (which backed Ike for President) opposes Ike's oil plan.

McCarthy: The Administration can't make up its mind how to treat McCarthy. Meanwhile McCarthy is lowering the prestige of the Voice of America abroad at a time of maximum opportunity as Russia's rule changes.

Taft-Hartley: Efforts to get a conference of labor, industry and public representatives to agree on changes in the act collapsed in the Labor Department when industry representatives wouldn't go along with the labor and public members on the organization procedure. In the campaign Ike argued such a conference would succeed. Now the Department must formulate its own recommendations.

Farm prices: Secretary Benson, who in the past criticized planning and federal subsidies, is now undertaking both, notably for butter.

Public Housing: Ike has nominated to head the Housing and Home Finance Agency ex-Representative Albert Cole, the acknowledged leader of the drive to kill the 1949 Housing Act. He voted against rent control in 1949, 1951 and 1952; he voted against federal housing measures in 1949, 1951 and 1952. Cole's nomination is the equivalent of picking somebody from the power lobby to head the Federal Power Commission.

What do the foregoing developments mean? Just more of the continuing process of bringing the new Administration out of its campaign pipe dream into reality. We can't put it better than the *Wall Street Journal* did ("The Painful Promises," March 3). The Benson reversal on butter, the paper said, "illus-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trates, we think, how painful will be the process of delivering many of the promises of the Eisenhower Administration. . . . " Exactly. We said that when the promises were being made.

On a happier theme, the Administration will probably send up its first big reorganization bill this week. The President has promised that the health and social security programs will be under one cabinet head in a Department of Welfare. We wish Ike all possible success in this. Truman proposed, and Congress rejected, the plan in 1949.

In a pitiful note, Raymond Kaplan, Voice of America radio engineer—brooding over the McCarthy probe—wrote his wife, "Once the dogs are set upon you, everything you have done since the beginning of time is suspect." Then he threw himself under a truck in Cambridge, Mass. In Washington, the two dozen reporters covering the McCarthy hearings were almost beside themselves with disgust. As the writhing victims got the McCarthy "treatment" most of the reporters were ordered to be icily neutral. Sample of technique: Accusers of Reed Harris, acting director of the Voice, got full time on TV; a week later when Harris tried to reply, McCarthy took up most of the TV time heckling him.

Why didn't the Administration intervene? For one reason, perhaps, because McCarthy on October 27, gave Ike valuable campaign support in attacking "Communist" influence around Adlai Stevenson; he mentioned Archibald MacLeish, Wilson Wyatt, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., James Wechsler, Bernard DeVoto, etc. Another reason came from *Time* magazine, spokesman for the Eisenhower Administration (whose owner's wife is newly named envoy to Rome). The reader should understand, explained *Time* knowingly, that it is all very subtle; the retreat is "only temporary" until the "thick fog of suspicion that hangs over the State Department" has been dissipated. Last week Kaplan was dead, and the fog of suspicion seemed to be growing thicker.

Under oath informer Louis Budenz swore John Carter Vincent had a Communist ticket; Dulles now says "No."

Washington T.R.B.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 2)

True liberals should be wise enough by now, when a new organization starts out with an ostensibly good purpose, to ask whether the field is not already covered by a sound and established organization. In this case the American Civil Liberties Union and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, both of which deserve the support of all true liberals, already cover the field of civil liberties. . . .

ALFRED BAKER LEWIS

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Truman and the Cattlemen

● The fine unprejudiced reporting of T. R. B. slipped considerably in his comment on the cattlemen. (*NR*, Feb. 23)

Perhaps not many cattlemen read the *New Republic* but in fairness to the industry let me say that there are thousands of small cattle producers who supported Truman all the way and had nothing to do with the "strike against Truman in 1946."

The fact that a few corporation ranchers were able to "pull off a strike" and give the little men a break for a few months, along with their big brothers, is small reason for gloating over their present dilemma. The present situation for the small cattle raisers is serious and the setback they took in the fall market slump has put a crimp in them that will take a great deal of serious handling to straighten out.

Hinsdale, Mont. MARIE EATON

The Republican Administration

● After reading, "Stevenson and the Future," I'd respectfully suggest if we are to keep an eye on Stevenson, let us not neglect keeping both eyes on those surrounding Eisenhower.

Indeed, one need not overwork one's imagination, in reading between the lines of some of the "business magazines" to get an inkling of what's going to happen to our social gains of the past 20 years—if certain persons "have their way" about it! "Let's have no more foolishness," is their rather innocuous way of putting it. The inference is unmistakable. "Henceforth, lets be a little more 'sensible' about such things." . . .

Remember these early depression years, when we went 'round and 'round, in a vicious circle, seeking that prosperity, which was just around the corner? How well I remember the postcard the Ford Motor Company (from which I'd been laid off) sent me, urging me to vote for Hoover, as the best man available! And how well I recall working for 20 cents an hour—not for more than five and six months of the year! And I was "lucky" to stay off relief!

Edmonds, Wash. RUSSEL A. MOREHOUSE

McCarthy and the Novice

● I wish that the public would feel more outraged at the tactics of Senator McCarthy. He is allegedly investigating the Voice of America. His proper duty, as representative of the Senate and people, would be to inform us, concretely, as to (1) over-all information and policy, (2) specific content of Voice programs, (3) estimate of how well Voice has inspirited embattled peoples with hope, perspective and information.

I accuse the Senator of grandstanding, and of smearing the Voice by linking it with the probable-Communist author, Howard Fast. We want facts, perspective, intelligent, balanced reports on the Voice of America. Instead, we seem to be getting klieg-lights.

McCarthy fails to establish the real importance of Howard Fast to the Voice. He fails to analyze the alleged broadcast of some of Fast's writing. He certainly fails to approach analysis of Voice of America policy and spendings.

Windsor, Conn. DAVID GORDON BRIDGMAN

The Crucible

● Mr. Eric Bentley (*NR*, Feb. 16) gives a terribly false picture of Arthur Miller's new play and its hero. *The Crucible*, far from being a melodrama, is a brooding and beautifully written commentary on the follies society will commit in the grip of hysteria; and John Proctor, the hero, is innocent only in the sense that he was not guilty of the witchcraft with which he was charged. He has faults, including carnality and terror of death, but ultimately not the fault of confessing to what he did not do. Well, the historical fact is that John Proctor and 18 others were hanged for not having this fault. Would Mr. Bentley have had Mr. Miller reverse the historical fact, give his hero this fault, make him a coward and thus invest him with what Mr. Bentley calls "fluidity" and "grace"?. . . .

New York City DAVID L. WEISSMAN

The series "Season for plunder," announced to begin in this issue of the *New Republic*, was postponed for one week to permit us to bring to the readers the timely articles on the occasion of Stalin's death.

The first article in the "Season for Plunder" series will deal with plans being privately laid to despoil the public domain, and will appear in the next issue.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VOLUME 128, NUMBER 11, ISSUE 1998, WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 16, 1953

New Republic

A JOURNAL OF OPINION, AND THE CHALLENGE OF 1953

IN BOLD and graceful type, on the cover of its first issue, the *New Republic* described itself: *"A Journal of Opinion which seeks to meet the challenge of a new time."* After eight exciting years, Herbert Croly wrote a further description in *The New Republic Idea.* It began:

The group of men who founded the *New Republic* in 1914 had a definite conception in their heads of the kind of periodical which they proposed to publish. We called it a journal of opinion. Its object was less to inform or entertain its readers than to start little insurrections in the realm of their convictions. Opinions are the currency by which the citizens of a democracy exchange spiritual values. But just because they pass through many hands, serve so many doubtful purposes, and are accepted at their face value by undiscriminating tradesmen, they tend to become dull, shop-worn and even debased. We hoped to do something towards brightening the coinage of American opinion, sharpening the edges of its design and helping its purveyors to buy five dollars worth for five dollars. We wished to prick or even goad public opinion into being more vigilant and hospitable, into considering its convictions more carefully and into attaching to them a higher intrinsic value.

"The group of men." . . . There was Croly himself, confident of our republic's affirmations but flexible in his judgment of methods. There was Walter Weyl whose Socialist faith contrasted with Croly's fear of an unmanageable class struggle. There was Alvin Johnson, torn from the comfortable prospect of a college presidency for a life of adventure and Francis Hackett, born "in Kilkenny," as Johnson wrote, "on soil so provocative that even the cats have an eternal place in the folk lore." There was Philip Littell, whose solid New England sensibility formed the perfect counterpoise to Hackett's flashing insights, and Walter Lippmann, who brought to the discussion of morals and politics a flawless style and the most brilliant mind of his generation.

Together these men rode the crest of the New Freedom, as their successors rode the crest of the New Deal. But alone, they could never have joined. They were brought together because Theodore Roosevelt passed on to a young married couple his copy of Croly's book, *The Promise of American Life.*

The young couple, Willard and Dorothy Straight, were deeply impressed. They sought out Croly who spoke in passing of the arid superficiality of contemporary journalism. In his autobiography, Alvin Johnson records:

Finally Dorothy Straight asked: "Why don't you get out a weekly yourself, Herbert?"

"Where will I find the money?" Herbert asked despondently.

"I will find it," Dorothy Straight said simply.

Croly was nearly stunned. But his doubts reasserted themselves. . . .

"It would take a lot of money," Herbert said. . . . "It might take five years to make the paper self-supporting."

"Yes, I understand," said Dorothy Straight. "It may take longer, much longer. But let's go ahead."

So the *New Republic* began. Within a brief time the editors were expressing the concept of peace without victory that became Wilson's 14 points. Not long after they were voicing their disillusionment as the allies moved instead toward victory without peace. While the editors were divided as America's purposes were obscured, they were at all times free to express their own views and to shape those of the *New Republic.* For while the Straights disagreed with the editors on important issues they had undertaken, in a covenant unique in journalism never to override them and they kept their word.

Croly sought to reform in order to preserve, and it was part of his faith in the promise of American life that industry would understand his purpose and acknowledge it in advertising support. On this support, in part, he pinned his hopes for self-sufficiency for the *New Republic.* He was disappointed. The turbulence of the postwar years brought the *New Republic* from the cloistered atmosphere of an old house in Chelsea to the side of the embattled Farmer-Labor Party. As tensions and tempers rose, the strands of tolerance and farsightedness that bound the *New Republic* through Willard Straight to American industry, twisted and snapped. Just two institutional advertisers, General Electric and the Bell Telephone Company, stayed with the *New Republic* through the depression and the New Deal. General Electric broke off in 1941 when the *New Republic* printed the full story of its secret agreements with Krupp of Essen; the Telephone Company departed in anticipation of the election of Dewey in 1948. In place of the backing of advertisers, Dorothy Straight provided continued support.

We tell this story because of an approaching event in the *New Republic's* life and growth. It is the ending

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

next week, for purely legal reasons, of the private financial support which has been given the *New Republic* for 40 years. It is the beginning of a subscriber-supported *New Republic*. The change comes not as a disaster or even an interruption, but simply as a challenge, one which the editors and the readers together will meet.

We are on our own and we are proud of it. In this year of opportunity, we take on in high spirits, the hard and worthwhile job of proving that by keeping its standards high and its costs low, an independent journal of opinion can build its circulation to the level at which it pays its own way.

Militant, as we are, we have no facile hopes of major advertising support. Realistic, as we must be, we seek no panaceas through merger with other magazines since we know of no similar journal that is politically responsible and financially stable. Our confidence in our readers, our time, and ourselves, and it is strengthened, not only by the *New Republic's* long tradition of critical reflection but by our spectacular subscription gain of 50 percent in circulation in the last six months. These new readers come from all corners of the nation, and above all from the small town where the majority of our subscribers live. They know that the one-party press is no mere campaign oratory, but a profound and urgent threat, as the dissemination of information and interpretation is concentrated in the hands of a small and shrinking group of men. Our readers find, in the *New Republic*, one means of learning the other side to the news, and one way of pioneering in new ideas. They know that pioneers come dressed in rough clothes, and that they take false trails occasionally but that without them a whole nation may lose its way.

It is because the way ahead is unclear that the role of pioneer is exciting and important now. For, ominous as they are, neither Malenkov's Cominformism nor McCarthy's conformism is essentially new. Few in this generation are unscarred by the violence of ambitious men who fear freedom. But freedom thrives as long as men voice boldly the little insurrections and deep in the American heart resides Croly's faith in "discussion which is full and fair . . . transfigured by a common conviction in the latent regeneracy and brotherhood of man."

We make no claim to a monopoly of wisdom and righteousness. We cleave to our small corner of hope and to what we believe to be right. We believe, as Croly wrote 30 years ago, that, "Grim and terrible as the immediate outlook may be, there never was a time when human beings had better reason to walk upright and fearless" and with Croly the *New Republic* will continue to assert that "even an insignificant weekly can do something to keep faith alive in those members of the community who believe in the power of the truth to set men free."

SILENCING DREW PEARSON

WHAT LOOKS like a shadow of things to come, and a dark one indeed, has been cast by the American Broadcasting Company in the projected exclusion of Drew Pearson from the air. Ordinarily, when a sponsor retires, a program such as Pearson's is sustained by the broadcasting company until a new sponsor is obtained. Instead, ABC gave him notice that he would be dropped at the conclusion of the sponsor's contract, two weeks hence. Coming in the wake of last year's election and the acquisition of the broadcasting company by United Paramount Theatres, this looks ominously like a development predicted 17 years ago in Irving Brant's book, *Storm Over the Constitution*. Commenting on the part played by radio as a political forum since 1932, he wrote:

> Liberals may look upon the American press and cry "Thank God for the radio" when government conditions are such that the radio is relatively free or coerced into open-mindedness, but they ignore a fundamental condition which makes radio the most dangerous potential source of reactionary propaganda in the country. Combine centralized corporate control of broadcasting with a reactionary political administration striving to perpetuate itself in power, and radio becomes a tool for anything from ordinary Old Guard political oratory up to a campaign of Fascist subversion.

Pearson's praise of ABC, in the broadcast announcing his compulsory retirement, makes it almost certain that the decision was made by the new Hollywood owners. That being true, it is a part either of their cowardly fear of McCarthy, or of a money hunger which seemingly claws past the requirement of federal law that radio license holders give first consideration to the public.

Drew Pearson is no political partisan. He is feared and hated by the crooks in both parties, and by Communists, Fascists and the Ku Klux Klan. Doing what others dare not do, he is a conservative influence, uncovering and forcing the correction of official misconduct which, if unchecked, would lead to violent political upheavals. His disappearance from the air will be joyful news in Moscow and among the 5, 10 and 100 percent miscreants in this country. It will be bad business for Paramount Theatres too. The movie moguls cannot destroy the reputation of the ABC without paying a heavy penalty.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SOVIET FUTURE SEEN FROM THE UN

WHAT STARTED out in 1917 as the "dictatorship of the proletariat" has become today the "dictatorship of the secretariat." Malenkov, the man of the bureaus, with no revolutionary past, with no theoretical achievements, is, temporarily at least, in the saddle.

The most direct threat to Malenkov comes from Beria who was cautious enough to increase his potential striking power by amalgamating under his direct control not only the Ministry of the Interior (MVD) and its secret police but also the Ministry of State Security (MGB) and its elite troops, the Russian counterparts of the Gestapo and the SS.

One of the most pregnant features of the immediate post-Stalin setup is the re-emergence of the army into the forefront of political life. The "political" soldier, Marshal Bulganin, is flanked in the Ministry of War by two professional soldiers, Vassilevsky and Zhukov, who are for the Russian people the great heroes and artisans of victory against the Nazis. Their prestige with the troops may carry an enormous weight, if and when the struggle for supreme power breaks out into the open.

Molotov, a junior member of the "old guard" has lost out, although increasing somewhat his strength and his position by taking the Ministry of Foreign Affairs under his direct administration again.

Marshal Voroshilov, like Molotov an old crony of Stalin, has been put into cold storage in the purely honorary position of President of the USSR and its Supreme Soviet (Parliament), while Nikolai Shvernik, who is widely thought of as a Malenkov man, has been released from this post to take his old place as head of the Trade Unions—an important group in any future struggle.

Malenkov, as the new premier, inherits Stalin's position in the government, but he did not succeed (at least for the time being) in grabbing the all-powerful job of secretary-general of the Communist Party. This is the post from which Stalin climbed to absolute power. The party structure which was reshuffled only last October has again been changed in the hours following the announcement of Stalin's death. Again the party is ruled by the same tightly knit group of 10 (instead of 25) men who form the upper crust of the government machine. But although Malenkov's name appears first on this list of 10, he does not have any special party rank or party responsibility.

In other words, it seems that Malenkov has not yet inherited everything Stalin possessed. He replaces the deceased only in part. To reach the throne, the heir-apparent has still a long way to go. And hidden along the road are power-hungry desperate men.

Moscow has acted quickly "to avoid panic." *Pravda* and *Izvestia* vaunt the solidarity of the government and appeal to the unity of the people. But fundamentally their hurried change over has not altered the situation from that of the early hours of March 4 when Stalin was not yet reported dead and the world expected his closest friends to start the fight for his succession. "Stalin was a god or at least a half god," said one UN statesman. "His successor will be at most a quarter of a god—less than enough to keep the empire together."

There is a general feeling of hope that Stalin's end will loosen the Soviet grip over the satellites. There is also a feeling that the West has an unexpected chance to hasten this disintegration. On the morning of March 4 there were a few who foresaw serious trouble in Sino-Soviet relations now and suggested a positive Western policy aimed at severing China from the Soviet sphere.

These men believe it is up to us to show Mao that he can derive greater advantages from close economic ties with the West than from subjugation to Moscow. They suggest recognition of the Peking regime, its admission to the United Nations, a new attempt to settle the Korean War followed by increased trade with China. They believe the West should help the Chinese industrialize rather than leave this to Russian initiative. They speak of a great effort to give China technical assistance, indeed, every form of economic help. They are convinced that through such a policy—and only through such a policy—will the West be able to separate China from Russia, thus depriving the Kremlin of its greatest conquest and reducing Soviet power.

For these diplomats (neither leftist or neutralist, but men known for cool analysis) the present US policy, *i.e.,* the "unleashing" of Chiang Kai-shek or a blockade of the Chinese mainland, can only strengthen the bonds between Peking and Moscow and cement an alliance which may otherwise crumble.

These diplomats believe that the Sino-Soviet alliance is not a natural one. They are convinced that only Stalin could command a Mao Tse-tung who has won his own revolution.

Nothing could better promote the unity of the Soviet people behind Stalin's successor than a direct threat to the country's borders. A move by the West, the statesmen say, carrying military or even para-military implications would provide the new leader of the Kremlin an opportunity to bolster the unity of the Soviet people.

A majority of Western statesmen appear to reject any policy containing a risk of armed conflict. They believe the hoped-for Soviet crisis a better opportunity for weakening Russia. They hope a weakened totalitarian government will disappear—either through violent revolution or a gradual process of reforms demanded by the people.

All the changes in Soviet policy—internal and external—which appear today as a necessary consequence of Stalin's departure are potential, not imminent, say statesmen familiar with the Soviet regime. It will take time for antagonisms to ripen and for those squeezed out of power to organize their forces for the supreme test. But they insist that the struggle is inevitable and that the very existence of the Soviet state will be put in question.

PETER J. ALLEN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STALIN'S PLACE IN HISTORY

by Samuel L. Sharp

IT IS DIFFICULT to say how sincere the people of Russia were in their manifestations of grief over the final departure from the scene of Joseph Vissarionovich Stalin. After more than a quarter of a century of his rule over the most intimate details of their lives, they have learned to suppress spontaneous manifestations of real feelings as well as they have learned to master their parts in bureaucratically staged exhibitions of pseudo-spontaneous expressions of the "people's will." They may have been crying over the departure of the remote dictator whom official propaganda, capitalizing on the craving for a father symbol, has built up as the benevolent though occasionally harsh leader and teacher. But it is more likely they cried with apprehension over the shift from the grim but already assimilated realities of the Stalin era to the prospects of new uncertainties and unpredictable peculiarities of a new self-styled father of the people.

The outside world certainly showed little inclination to concentrate on the human story involved in the demise of J. V. Stalin. There were no friendly words, and remarkably little of the stereotyped philosophizing over the inevitable passing of all that is human. Stalin's departure was viewed as an act of state. The stock exchange reacted with a dip, as it is likely to do when important political developments are impending. The two questions most frequently asked were: Is Russia entering a new Time of Troubles, similar to that which in the past has shaken the stability of what ambitious and ruthless rulers have built up? Will the transfer of supreme power, so unpredictable in a dictatorship, mean more trouble to the outside world or attractive openings which this time will be utilized more intelligently than on the occasion of past Times of Troubles?

It was entirely proper that the departure from the scene of a man who has devoted most of his life to politics and public life should take place in a setting of respectable impersonality, under the collective vigil of his political associates. There was no emphasis in the official announcements on the presence of a wife or children at Stalin's bedside; it is not even known whether or not he remarried after the death of his second wife in 1932. By comparison, there was a strong, if corny, element of human interest in the circumstances under which Hitler left and Mussolini was dispatched from this world, the one holding hands with the girl he married to legalize a typically petty bourgeois romance, the other strung up in a gruesomely operatic fashion alongside the body of his mistress. Stalin's great passion, and possibly his only love, was politics, sometimes described as the craft of force, fraud and favors.

It is as practitioner of this art of politics, carried to inhuman but not illogical extremes, that Stalin will enter history. His achievements, apart from those which only the lapse of time can put in proper perspective, can be measured only with the yardstick peculiar to the field of politics with its specific notions of success and failure. By the same token, one can only answer in those terms the question whether Stalin was a happy man, proud of his achievements. "There can be no greater pleasure in life than to choose one's enemy, inflict a terrible revenge on him, and then go quietly to bed," Stalin is reported to have said in private in 1926. Even if the remark was never made, it fits Stalin quite well. Just as he is quoted as having said to Tito: "Restore King Peter. . . . You need not restore him forever. Take him back temporarily, and then you can slip a knife into his back at the suitable moment." (V. Dedijer, *Tito,* p. 233.) We are shocked; Machiavelli would have nodded with understanding.

The image of Stalin established by official propaganda is, of course, of no help in evaluating his personality and defining the essence of what is, vaguely called "Stalinism." Soviet sources speak of him as being primarily a Marxist scholar of genius, a legitimate successor of the three bearded prophets; only after paying homage to his talents as a scholar do the official biographers mention Stalin's great practical, organizational talents. Yet this is a characteristic upside-downness, long practiced in the Soviet Union under Stalin's own guidance. Stalin's talents were mostly in the field of organization and political intrigue. His contribution to Marxist teachings may be unique, but it is unique in the sense that it was designed to *overcome* whatever obstacles the holy scriptures of the creed posed in the way of political action. Stalin has trained a generation of Russian intellectuals and party workers in what he called "living Marxism" which in his interpretation meant the art of fitting all changes dictated by practical necessity into the framework of a seemingly rigid doctrine. He has, as Klaus Mehnert put it, "relativized Marx."

It may be argued that whatever Marx, Engels and even Lenin had said was of only limited practical use in the solution of problems facing the leader of a victorious revolution which had entered the stage of stabilization

Samuel L. Sharp, an expert on Eastern European government and politics, teaches at the American University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and was becoming a "going concern." Lenin had already done violence to the theory of the "withering away of the state" in order to justify his choice of the institution of the Soviets as the vehicle for a revolutionary government that was to prepare its own "withering away." But Stalin had to carry this process much further. It may be utterly incomprehensible to the Western mind why the successful leader of a regime established after the elimination of enemies and rivals should have to engage in long and involved theoretical disputes in order to make his obvious, and in a sense understandable, practical moves appear as justified by doctrine. The answer must probably be sought outside the general tendency of rulers to claim continuity with what they actually uproot. Stalin seems to have undertaken a long war against the essentially idealistic inclinations of the Russian intelligentsia, its craving for a grounding of its actions in absolutes, in a basic "world view." This brings us to what appears to be the essential difference between Stalin and the other "old Bolsheviks" whom he felt he had to get rid of not only because of the threat which they presented to his personal dictatorial ambitions but also because their belief in Communism clashed with his *basic lack of faith.*

"Principles never exerted any influence over Stalin" —his unsuccessful rival Trotsky writes in the bitter and occasionally vicious study of the Soviet dictator. "The immediate administrative task always loomed before him greater than all the laws of history." But the art of governing consists primarily of taking care of a succession of administrative tasks. Stalin apparently felt that principles, even Marxist principles when rigidly applied, were an obstacle to the proper and successful performance of administrative tasks. His efforts in the field of theory were directed at subverting theory. He could not do it in the same terms in which he had expressed his doubts about religion at the age of 13 (according to the memoirs of the Georgian Glurdzhidze): "You know, they are deceiving us. There is no God. The talk of God is empty chatter." He had acquired a vested interest in posing as a legitimate continuator of Marx, Engels and Lenin. On occasion, however, his references (especially to the two non-Russians) give the impression that he is saying in a polite way that their teachings were empty chatter and certainly an obstacle rather than a help in guiding the actual course of the Soviet state, in theory destined to "wither away" but in practice determined to stay very much alive.

But Lenin, too, it will be said, had an eminently practical mind and never allowed doctrine to stand in the way of political moves dictated by expediency. Yet Lenin, though not exactly devoted to what is called "government by the people," had a basic confidence in people and in their performance when properly led. Stalin was constitutionally unable to rely on any true spontaneity; things may be made to appear spontaneous but they had to be carefully engineered by the *aparat* of the ruling bureaucracy. Lenin honestly disliked bureaucrats; Stalin built them up, in the party and in the government, and made them—not Marx's proletariat, not Lenin's "masses"—the real rulers of Russia. "Socialism," he wrote quite early, "is built not on sentimental feelings, not on abstract justice, not on love for the proletariat, but on scientific principles."

This boast of being in possession of a "scientific" formula for the seizure and retention of power accounts for Stalin's insistence on disguising his "teachings," in essence a set of instructions to the bureaucracy in the apparatus of the party and government (and also in the arts and sciences which are mere auxiliaries of the totalitarian effort of the government) as contributions to Marxism. And unlike Lenin, who relied on his powers as an orator and debater to make others accept his point of view, Stalin, who always was a poor speaker, discarded shortly after his accession to power the habit of debate, not only for the mass of citizens, but also within the party and even in its inner councils. Party congresses were simply not convened or else so organized that they performed no more than a solemn ratifying function, similar to that of the Supreme Soviet, allegedly Russia's supreme legislative body.

Impervious to belief, Stalin was always given to doubt and suspicion. Always inclined to engage in intrigue, he saw intrigue everywhere. Trotsky claimed that Stalin had what he called "a defensive-offensive reflex" which made him suspect plots and react violently to what were essentially unreal situations but situations which to his mind appeared quite plausible and therefore called for suppression. He transferred the same attitude to the outside world; even while conjuring the superficial amiability which he could display whenever necessary, he looked at people like Churchill and others who came to negotiate with him, always trying to figure out what they were up to. He could find an easy, even if incorrect, answer by figuring what trick he, himself, would have played on his opposite number in such a situation. Such an attitude generates exaggerated caution which makes real compromise extremely difficult. Whenever Stalin showed a friendly impulse, he would immediately check himself, possibly for fear of being cheated.

Such an attitude, or that part of it that cannot be attributed to the Russian "national character," must be rooted deeply in the personal makeup of the man displaying it. Yet we don't know enough about Stalin as a human being to get to the bottom of this all-pervading

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lack of faith and confidence. Was this attitude generated by the necessity to avoid the heavy blows which would suddenly fall upon his head from the hand of an unsuccessful and drunken father? Was it the result of the adolescent theological student's maneuvering against the oppressive regime of the Orthodox seminar where vicious monks were constantly snooping for forbidden books? Was it the nervous tension in which the young man of many aliases, disguises and passports had to live in efforts to duck the vigilant Tsarist police? Or the more prosaic consciousness of personal shortcomings (pockmarks, short stature, plain looks, lack of success with girls?) which makes one convinced that he is surrounded by a world of ill-wishers conniving at his doom?

We simply know too little about the man Stalin to answer these questions meaningfully. His old mother, cynically exploited for the propaganda of the virtues of family life for which the stabilized revolution felt a great need, merely said to reporters that "Soso was always a good boy." Others offered fragmentary recollections which made old Keke's statement appear questionable. But we really have before us only the results, not a valid interpretation of Stalin's forceful though unamiable personality. And it is with these results that the world has had to contend.

Many great men have earned their claim to immortality by upsetting things rather than by conferring tangible and clearly visible benefits on their fellow men. Measured in these terms, Stalin's claim to immortality is undeniable. Unlike the record of Hitler and Mussolini, his life has been more than just a blown up personal adventure disguised as statesmanship. His departure is a merciful act of nature after a hard life, not the acknowledgment of the failure of a dream of empire.

In his last conscious moments Stalin, unable to believe in the force of ideas and mistrustful of people, may yet have felt that he had successfully trained a group of top followers in the art of dealing with problems by the sheer magic of determined political manipulation. Stalinism may survive for a long time as an "un-theory" in the service of the administrators, a code of political behavior completely sterilized of anything except what is necessary to hold power, a pursuit complete in itself without reference to any discernible aims of human welfare.

THE STALIN PATTERN FOR POWER

EVERYWHERE *the same question: Who will rule Russia? If a triumvirate, can it long endure or does the Soviet structure demand a single head? Will there be orderly elimination or violence? If violence, is there a man in Russia able to wage war on his colleagues, win and consolidate supreme power, and, through it all, hold together the Union and the Empire?*

There are no answers yet. There may not be for a long time. But there will be hints. And to evaluate the future's clues, to perceive the drama behind them, we will need to have the past fresh in our minds. For this drama was played once before. Then, Lenin was god and Stalin the mythmaker; now Stalin is the omnipresent myth and the new chief priest has not yet been ordained.

In 1922, Lenin, who had made possible Stalin's rise from obscurity, already distrusted his ability, his methods and his ambition. But after Lenin's death, Stalin energized and exploited the "Lenin Myth" to seize supreme power. Today there is a "Stalin Myth." And any man who hopes to rule the Russian Empire will probably seek to use it as a cloak. In order to help our readers understand the similarities and differences in the two dramas, and thus to correctly estimate the action behind the hints we have excerpted the following material from Stalin: A Political Biography, *by Isaac Deutscher (Oxford University Press).*

IN THE FIRST WEEK of February, 1923, Lenin dictated his article "Better Less But Better," a devastating attack on Stalin as the Commissar of the Inspectorate. This was Lenin's first, publicly delivered, blow. Behind the scenes he prepared for a final attack at the Twelfth Party Congress, convened for April; and he agreed with Trotsky on joint action. On March 5 he had a sharp exchange with Stalin. He then dictated a brief letter to Stalin, telling him that he "broke off" all personal relations with him. Just in the middle of these moves, on March 9, he suffered the third attack of his illness, from which he was not to recover.

Meanwhile, Stalin displayed modesty and simple-minded devotion to Lenin. Such postures shielded him from a good half of the charges levelled against him. Hoping for Lenin's recovery and believing that their joint action would be more effective than his own solitary effort, Trotsky bided his time. Meanwhile Stalin acted.

It was about this time that a triumvirate, composed of Stalin, Zinoviev, and Kamenev, formed itself within the Politburo. What made for the solidarity of the three men was their determination to prevent Trotsky from succeeding to the leadership of the party. Separately, neither could measure up to Trotsky. Jointly, they re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

presented a powerful combination of talent and influence. . . . As the other members of the Politburo walked each his own way, the triumvirs automatically commanded a majority.

With the scene so set, Stalin had little to fear from the congress. . . . The triumvirs evaded the issues raised by Trotsky and charged him with malevolence, personal ambition, neglect of his duties in the government, and so on. . . .

Trotsky appealed to the youth; and, as if pointing to the triumvirs, the "old guard" of Bolshevism, he warned the party that revolutionary "old guards" had not rarely degenerated into bureaucrats. This had happened with the leaders of reformist Socialism in Europe; and it might happen with Bolsheviks, too. . . .

It was in this debate, while Lenin was on his deathbed, that the cult of Leninism was actually initiated. In the light of the Leninist cult, Trotsky's position was most vulnerable. He had warned the party about the danger of a "degeneration" of the old Bolshevik guard; and he had used in this context the first person plural: "We, the old Bolsheviks," a phrase which was justified inasmuch as more than 90 percent of the present members of the party had joined it only after the October revolution. "I must defend Trotsky from Trotsky," Stalin replied sarcastically: for surely he was not of the old, now allegedly degenerating, guard. The degeneration of the old Bolsheviks, he went on, was a figment of Trotsky's imagination. The debate, with all its diversions and red herrings, was only part of the preparation for a show-down at the forthcoming conference. . . . The conference condemned the opposition as a "petty bourgeois deviation from Leninism."

On January 21, 1924, Lenin died. Despite all the miseries and disappointmnets of recent years, he was mourned by the people as very few leaders in history have been mourned. In the popular mind his name still stood for the great promise of the revolution, the society of equal and free men. The mourning crowds were already turning uneasy eyes on his disciples: which of them would take his place at the helm of the state? In spite of recent squabbles and excommunications, the thoughts of many went out to Trotsky. But he was not to be seen at Lenin's bier, at which the crowds paid their last homage to the deceased leader as he lay in state, or at the numerous memorial meetings. Trotsky had gone to the Caucasus to have his illness treated; and, if his own testimony is to be believed, he failed to return for the funeral in Moscow because Stalin had misinformed him about its date. On the scales of history, it may be said, the incident weighed but little. But the fact is that in those days the triumvirs, and not Trotsky, impressed themselves upon a popular imagination stirred by prolonged and elaborate funeral ceremonies. Skillful stage management turned the limelight on the triumvirs as they were symbolically stepping into the breach.

The elaborate ceremony was altogether out of keeping with the outlook and style of Lenin, whose sobriety and dislike of pomp were almost proverbial. The ceremony was calculated to stir the mind of a primitive, semi-oriental people into a mood of exaltation for the new Leninist cult. So was the Mausoleum in the Red Square, in which Lenin's embalmed body was deposited, in spite of his widow's protest and the indignation of many Bolshevik intellectuals. The process was inevitable. The abstract tenets of Marxism could exist, in their purity, in the brains of intellectual revolutionaries, especially those who had lived as exiles in Western Europe. Now, after the doctrine had really been transplanted to Russia and come to dominate the outlook of a great nation, it could not but, in its turn, assimilate itself to that nation's spiritual climate, to its traditions, customs and habits.

Imperceptibly, the process had been going on for some time. Nobody had had a deeper insight into it and felt more embarrassed by it than Lenin. His own death was the catharsis which relieved many of his disciples from the inhibitions of pure Marxism. It revealed the degree of the mutual assimilation of doctrine and environment that had taken place so far.

It was perhaps natural that the triumvir who had spent his formative years in a Greek Orthodox seminary should become the foremost agent of that change, that he should give the fullest expression to it. The oath to Lenin, which he read at the second congress of the Soviets, remains to this day the fullest and the most organic revelation of his own mind. In it, the style of the Communist Manifesto is strangely blended with that of the Orthodox Prayer Book; and Marxist terminology is wedded to the old Slavonic vocabulary. Its revolutionary invocations sound like a litany composed for a church choir.

Meanwhile the one text of Lenin that might have removed the earth from under Stalin's feet, his will, was still unknown to the party and to himself. Only in May, four months after Lenin's death, was it read out at a plenary session of the Central Committee, which was to decide whether the document should be made public at the forthcoming congress of the party. Zinoviev's motion that the testament should not be published, but only confidentially communicated to picked delegates, was then passed by 40 votes against 10. Stalin could now wipe the cold sweat from his brow. He was back in the saddle, firmly and for good.

The solidarity of the triumvirs stood this extraordinary test because both Zinoviev and Kamenev were as con-

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vinced that they had nothing to fear from Stalin as they were afraid of Trotsky. Both looked upon Stalin as upon their auxiliary; and, though they were sometimes uneasy about a streak of perversity in him, neither suspected him of the ambition to become Lenin's sole successor. Nor, for that matter, did any such suspicion enter the mind of the party as a whole.

The very thing which under different circumstances would have been a liability in a man aspiring to power, his obscurity, was his important asset. The party had been brought up to distrust "bourgeois individualism" and to strive for collectivism. None of its leaders looked as immune from the former and as expressive of the latter as Stalin.

He was slowly stacking his cards and waiting. The opposition, though again condemned by the thirteenth congress in May, 1924, was still a factor to be reckoned with. The attitude of the Communist International had also to be considered. Dissension among the triumvirs was yet another reason for Stalin's caution. Not until a year later, in 1925, did they fall out; but even now personal jealousies troubled their relations. Zinoviev and Kamenev began to feel that Stalin was tightening his grip on the party machine and excluding them from control. Stalin was envious of their authority in matters of doctrine. Finally, he was still waiting for the adversary to make the blunders that were inherent in his attitude.

Trotsky had accepted the Leninist cult, even though his rational mind and European tastes were outraged by it. The uniform of Lenin's disciple was, anyhow, too tight for him. The Leninist *mystique,* however, had already grown too powerful for anybody who wanted to get the hearing of a Communist audience to ignore it, let alone challenge it. Trotsky thus involved himself in fighting on ground where he was weak. The triumvirs hurled at him old anti-Trotskyist quotations from Lenin and, what was even more embarrassing to him, his own strictures on Lenin which he had uttered 12 or 15 years ago. In the mind of the young Communist, the selection of such quotations added up to a picture of Trotsky malevolently opposing Lenin at every turn of events, from the split in 1903 to the debates over Brest Litovsk and the trade unions. In the light of the Leninist dogma, Trotsky stood condemned.

For Trotsky to reject the dogma would have meant to appeal against the party to non-Communist opinion. This was the one thing that Stalin could be quite sure Trotsky would not do. He could not stop opposing the triumvirs who had identified themselves with the party; and yet even in his rebellion he still remained on his knees before the party. Every move he made was thus a demonstration of weakness. Stalin could afford to wait until his rival defeated himself through a series of such demonstrations. The debate shifted back to current affairs; and it had undertones of new significance which found their full expression in Stalin's theory of "Socialism in One Country."

Now the operative part of Stalin's thesis, the thing that was really new and striking in it, was the assertion of the self-sufficiency of the Russian revolution. . . . The Bolsheviks had by now grown accustomed to running an enormous state, "one-sixth of the world." They gradually acquired the self-confidence and the sense of self-importance that come from the privileges and responsibilities of power. . . . They needed an idea or a slogan that would fully express their newly won self-confidence. "Socialism in One Country" did it. It relieved them, to a decisive extent, of a sense of their dependence on happenings in the five-sixths of the world that were beyond their control. It gave them the soothing theoretical conviction that, barring war, nothing could shake their mastery over Russia. . . . Whoever, like Trotsky, and later on Zinoviev and Kamenev, dwelt on the dangers to the revolution inherent in all those circumstances, offended the complacency of the party.

In his argument against Trotsky, Stalin appealed directly to the horror of risk and uncertainty that had taken possession of many Bolsheviks. He depicted Trotsky as an adventurer, habitually playing at revolution. For a long time Zinoviev and Kamenev were unaware of the change that had occurred in their partner. They shrugged their shoulders over his quaint insistence on the possibility of fully fledged Socialism in a single country; but they treated the whole thing as a mere stick with which to beat Trotsky. . . . It was only next autumn, nearly a year after he had put forward his view, that they awakened to its significance and criticized it as the abandonment of traditional Bolshevism in favor of national Communism. Trotsky did not challenge the dogma until 1926, when it had already gained wide acceptance. . . .

In January, 1925, Stalin at last brought Trotsky to resign from the Commissariat of War. As the chief of the armed forces, Trotsky had still held a most formidable trump. If he had chosen to stage a military *coup d'état* he might perhaps have defeated the triumvirs. But he left office without the slightest attempt at rallying in his defense the army he had created and led for seven years. He still regarded the party, no matter how or by whom it was led as the legitimate spokesman for the working class.

After Trotsky had thus effaced himself, the only bond that kept the triumvirs together snapped. Soon afterward Stalin took the initiative in breaking up the triumvirate: he refused to consult his partners or to concert

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with them his moves before the sessions of the Politburo. To all intents and purposes he was the indisputable master of the party, even though Kamenev was still entrenched in the organization of Moscow, while Zinoviev still led the Bolsheviks of Leningrad. Yet, powerful though Stalin's grip on the party was, he could assert his leadership only in a constitutional way, as the spokesman of a majority of the Politburo. The totalitarian evolution of the party had not yet gone far enough for its members to submit to the undisguised dictatorship of any single leader. . . . Having put an end to the triumvirate, Stalin was now entirely dependent on the backing of three Politburo members: Bukharin, Rykov and Tomsky. Meanwhile, Stalin benefited from the circumstance that Trotsky and the two ex-triumvirs hesitated to join hands against him, although they now had many points in common. . . .

It was only after they had been beaten, in the spring of 1926, that Zinoviev and Kamenev at last threw in their lot with Trotsky. Meanwhile, Trotsky, too, had further weakened his position by renouncing his supporters abroad, who had published Lenin's testament. The union of the two oppositions represented therefore little more than the joint wreckage of their former separate selves.

. . . Stalin knew that the amalgamated opposition could not but flounder on the scruple that had already defeated Trotsky, that it would not carry the struggle beyond the ranks of the party . . . for it accepted the axiom that only a single party could exist in the Soviet state and that if two parties were to compete for influence one of them was bound to play a counter-revolutionary role. Yet the logic of the situation drove the opposition into the role of a separate party. Every step that it made in that direction filled its leaders with remorse and horror. Every such step was retracted and recanted, only to be followed by another that was again to be regretted and retraced. Such an attitude appeared as insincere and dishonest in the eyes of most Bolsheviks; and it could not but dishearten the adherents of the opposition.

For the first time Stalin now kept the threat of expulsion from the party suspended over his opponents. Anxious to avert it, they retreated. However, having admitted their offences against the rules of discipline, Trotsky and his associates restated with dignified firmness their political criticisms of Stalin and Bukharin. Now it was again Stalin's turn to act. Toward the end of October, 1926, he expelled Trotsky from the Politburo. Not a single representative of the opposition now sat on that body. He deposed Zinoviev from the presidency of the Communist International and then indicted him before the Executive of the International, which confirmed the demotion. . . .

To all intents and purposes the opposition was now outlawed, even though Trotsky and Zinoviev, already expelled from the Politburo, were still members of the Central Committee. . . . On November 7, 1927, during the official celebration of the tenth anniversary of the October revolution, Trotsky and Zinoviev led their followers in separate processions through the streets of Moscow and Leningrad. Though the processions were of a peaceful character and the banners and slogans carried by the demonstrators were directed against the ruling group only by implication, the incident brought the struggle to a head. Trotsky and Zinoviev were immediately expelled from the party. On December 18 the congress expelled 75 leading members of the opposition, in addition to many others already expelled or imprisoned. A day later the opposition split. Its Trotskyist section refused to yield to the demands of the congress. Trotsky was deported to Alma Ata, Rakovsky to Astrakhan. Zinoviev, Kamenev and their followers, however, issued a statement in which they renounced their views. The opposition was defeated by this defection no less than by Stalin's reprisals. Stalin's triumph over his ex-partners was far more complete than his victory over Trotsky.

The story which followed shows in many points so monotonous a resemblance to the one that preceded it that it is hardly worthwhile to tell it in great detail. Stalin's partnership with Bukharin, Rykov and Tomsky broke down soon after the defeat of their adversaries exactly as the triumvirate had fallen apart after Trotsky's resignation. . . .

. . . One reason for this pathetic state of affairs lay, of course, in the almost automatic growth of the pressure which Stalin exercised upon the whole political life of the country The defeat of each successive opposition violently narrowed the margins within which the free expression of opinion was possible. The leaders of each opposition could not get for themselves more elbow room than that to which they themselves, in coalition with Stalin, had reduced their adversaries. After each show-down, actions hitherto regarded as unimpeachable were classed as unpardonable. . . .

. . . Stalin always saw through the hopes and the tactical games of his rivals He knew that his most dangerous opponent was still Trotsky, whose unbending attitude won him new respect from friend and foe alike. On January 18, 1929, he proposed to the Politburo that Trotsky be expelled from Russia. The proposal was passed, against Bukharin's protests. This incident again allows us to gauge the gradualness with which the con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flict was mounting toward it bloody climax. In 1929 Stalin still shrank from the imprisonment of Trotsky in Russia—seven years later he would not hesitate to pass a death sentence on him as well as on the whole "Old Guard." (After he had finally removed Trotsky from the Russian scene, he hastened to route the leaders of the right wing. . . .

Stalin's ascendancy was now complete. The contest for power was at its end. All his rivals had been eliminated. None of the members of the Politburo would dream of challenging his authority. In the last days of the year Moscow celebrated his fiftieth birthday as if it had been a great historic event. From every corner of Russia tributes were addressed to the Leader. His virtues were praised, immoderately and crudely, by every party secretary in the country. The walls of Moscow were covered with his huge portraits. His statues and busts of all possible sizes filled the squares, the halls of public buildings, and the windows of every shop down to the humblest barber's shop. "Stalin is the Lenin of to-day," the propagandists shouted themselves hoarse. Some of the older people recalled Lenin's fiftieth birthday. It had been a small and modest occasion, which Lenin reluctantly attended only to remonstrate with his admirers for their growing fondness for pomp and ceremony. The new Stalinist cult was now visibly merging with the old Leninist cult, and overshadowing it. When, on ceremonial occasions, Stalin appeared at the top of the Lenin mausoleum in the Red Square, Lenin's colossal tomb appeared to be only the pedestal for his successor.

A FAIR CONDUCT CODE FOR CONGRESS

by Estes Kefauver

On February 10, 1953, I introduced two concurrent resolutions in the Senate of the United States: one provides for rules of procedure in Congressional investigations, the other for rules of procedure for derogatory remarks made in debate by a member of Congress. I took this step because I am convinced that in our struggle against Communism we are in danger of losing many of our most cherished liberties. Unless we curb those who have lost touch with the meaning and value of our traditions and have adopted tactics and attitudes frighteningly similar to those which mark the totalitarian mind in all its guises, we will lose them. The task of meeting this threat rightfully belongs to the United States Senate. And it is far from being an easy task.

Since Congress constantly needs factual, well-balanced information in many different fields to enable it to act wisely in the public interest, Congressional investigations are one of the most important of the legislative processes. But such investigations should never be allowed to become instruments for abridging the constitutional rights of citizens. Equally important, fear of censure before a Congressional committee must never become a weapon for enforcing conformity to prevailing ideas. Yet the question has often been raised whether some investigations do not indeed reflect what John Stuart Mill once described as the "tendency of a society to impose, by other means than civil penalties, its own ideas and practices as rules of conduct on those who dissent from them."

Estes Kefauver, US Senator from Tennessee, is the author of Twentieth Century Congress as well as an experienced Congressional investigator on his own.

Specifically, the criticism of the conduct of Congressional committees has centered around these points:

(a) They frequently assume the aspects of a trial of an individual without the safeguards of regular court proceedings. (b) Legislators appear in the role of judges and combine the functions of prosecuting and judging which should be separate. (c) The witnesses may be exposed to such penalties as loss of their jobs, character assassination, or injury to their reputation, as a result of the attendant publicity. (d) Appearances before investigative committees are not subject to procedures laid down by Congress. (e) The legal rights of individuals guaranteed by the Bill of Rights are abridged by Congressional investigations.

As a result of resentment against methods employed by certain investigating committees, the Committee on the Bill of Rights of the Bar Association of New York City made a study of the subject. In its December, 1948, report, the committee found that most complaints centered on the belief that inquiry into witnesses' personal affairs violated the right of the individual to immunity from official inquisition and his right to privacy. The Bar Association Committee felt that some of the conditions complained of are inherent in the conduct of the legislative process or are due to the shortcomings of particular individuals making the investigations. The committee considered much of the criticism justified, and it felt that certain rules could be adopted which would insure to a much greater degree the observance of ordinary principles of fairness and justice.

There have been several attempts, beginning in the Seventy-ninth Congress, to prescribe procedures of in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vestigating committees and to protect the rights of witnesses. There have been many proposals made for reforms in the conduct of Congressional investigations. Some committees have voluntarily adopted self-imposed rules to guide their conduct. The chairmen of these are to be commended for their vision and their pioneering in committee reform. However, it seems evident to me that rules imposed by individual committees themselves, while a step in the right direction, are not the final answer. No halfway measure should stand in the way of Congressional action establishing rules for proper procedure for all committees.

A code of fair conduct—adopted by the House and the Senate as part of their standing rules—would avoid confusion and promote uniformity. It would give Congress and the country a yardstick by which to test the performance of every investigation. A code of procedure for administrative agencies has been established. Why not one for Congressional committees?

I think the code embodied in my resolutions is workable. All its elements can be found in the best practices of the most successful and most respected investigating committees. Briefly, this is what the resolution provides:

(a) That a person or organization shall be notified of the nature of the charges against him, of the matters to be inquired into, and of the derogatory material to be presented. (b) That he be given an opportunity to present evidence in his own behalf. (c) That he be permitted counsel, who shall be entitled to question him within the appropriate limits in order to bring out all pertinent facts. (d) That he be permitted to file a limited number of interrogatories to be answered by witnesses who have testified to derogatory materials. (e) That he be permitted to file at the conclusion of the evidence a rebuttal statement.

Also outlined are safeguards regarding subpoenas, safeguards for information developed in executive session, and safeguards for the private affairs of individuals.

These same rules would apply whether the hearing is conducted in executive session, covered only by the press, or covered by the press, still-cameramen, radio, newsreels, television and so on. But the code places upon the committee chairman a responsibility to see to it that none of the communication devices annoy the witness. Therefore the code set up under my resolution does not force television upon any committee. If the chairman determines that televising is hindering the committee's work, then it is his duty to stop the cameras.

So much for the code of conduct for committees. Now let us consider the related problem as it applies to the floor of the Senate.

Section 6 of Article I of our Constitution grants constitutional immunity for any speech or debate made in either House. There is a sound basis for this guarantee—it recognizes that free legislative debate is the very bedrock of freedom. My second resolution seeks to preserve that freedom of debate but it seeks also to give an individual, whose reputation may be harmed by having his name mentioned in a derogatory manner on the floor of the Senate, the opportunity to defend himself. It seems to me that this is a fundamental concept—the concept of self-defense.

The resolution tackles the problem in this manner: It provides that insofar as practicable a member of Congress who intends to name an individual or an organization in a derogatory manner shall first notify that individual or organization of the nature of the charges to be made. The person or organization concerned may then file with the the Clerk of the House or the Secretary of the Senate a sworn statement, if he so desires, giving his side of the story—and this statement shall be read on the floor and published in the *Congressional Record*, along with the charges.

In cases where names are mentioned in running floor debate without prior intent, the resolution provides that the Clerk of the House or the Secretary of the Senate shall notify those mentioned that charges have been made, after which a sworn statement may be filed and read. In the final printed version of the *Record* the denial shall follow the charge.

Obviously, this will not completely solve the problem. But it does provide a way in which the denial can catch up with the charge for the reader and the listener of today; and it is further assurance that the historian of tomorrow will find the other side of the story immediately following the charges in the permanent record.

I do not claim for these resolutions any finality of draftsmanship. These are problems which have worried many of us in the Senate, and these are the best solutions that a number of us, thinking and working together, could produce as a starting point. Shortly after I introduced these resolutions, my colleague Wayne Morse, Senator from Oregon, asked to be included as a co-sponsor while introducing a resolution of his own embodying the principles outlined here with some difference of emphasis and detail.

Undoubtedly, there will be many more ideas on the subject as these resolutions pass through committee and floor consideration. The Senate of the United States should welcome and consider all of them in a nonpartisan manner, for these are nonpartisan matters of the first importance.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

MIDDLE-AGED MAN WITH A HORN

by Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

MR. JAMES BURNHAM'S vigorous new pamphlet is, in part, an attack on the foreign policy of President Truman and, in part, a series of recommendations for President Eisenhower. Its basic thesis is that since the war the United States has been committed to the disastrous policy of "containment"; that this policy has endangered the free world and benefited the Soviet Union; and that our only hope today is to replace "containment" as speedily as possible by "liberation."

The contrast between "containment" and "liberation" is, for Mr. Burnham, simple and spectacular. The "containment" policy, he contends, did no more than say to the Soviet Union: thus far and no further. As a policy, it was "purely defensive"; it excluded "the initiation of any action within the Soviet sphere"; it abandoned "the satellite [captive] nations to Moscow." With such a program, we can never win. "The policy of containment, even if 100 percent successful, is a formula for Soviet victory."

CONTAINMENT OR LIBERATION? *An Inquiry into the Aims of United States Foreign Policy*, by James Burnham (John Day; $3.50).

Against "containment," Mr. Burnham unfurls the standard of "liberation." "Liberation" means first a public declaration by the United States that it plans to win freedom for all peoples and nations now under Communist domination, including the Russians themselves; and then a "daily" demonstration, concentrating on Eastern Europe, that we mean it—by political warfare, by auxiliary military and paramilitary action, and by preparation for "whatever military action may be required in the future." Mr. Burnham would, for example, sever relations with Communist states, extend recognition to governments-in-exile, recruit national armies for these governments, develop resistance movements behind the Iron Curtain and . . . but here he gets vague, except to suggest that these acts will somehow set in motion the chain of events which alone can produce victory.

The book is written with the author's usual dogmatic verve, and its superficial thrust and plausibility may delude readers in search of easy solutions. But a quick examination shows it to be a careless and hasty job, filled with confusion, contradiction, ignorance and misrepresentation—so much of all of these that it is hard to know where to start the work of unravelment. The first and most obvious point, of course, is that Mr. Burnham stacks his whole argument by beginning with the wholly false antithesis between "containment" and "liberation." As an ex-philosopher, he doubtless believes that, if he can take care of the premises, the conclusions will take care of themselves: it is always simpler to settle arguments by definition. But definition in the real world should have some relation to the facts. And his account of "containment"—his suggestion that it has been United States policy since 1945 to acquiesce in the enslavement of Eastern Europe—is the sheerest misrepresentation.

The policy of passive acquiescence in Soviet conquest is essentially what we used to call the sphere-of-influence policy. That policy had its advocates during the war; and the chief of them was Winston Churchill. Mr. Churchill made two big attempts to persuade President Roosevelt to go along with that policy. The first was in 1942 when he urged Roosevelt to accept the incorporation of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania into the Soviet Union. The second was in 1944 when he urged Roosevelt to accept a deal by which Soviet predominance would be recognized in most of Eastern Europe in exchange for the recognition of British predominance in Greece and of British equality in Yugoslavia. Roosevelt rejected both these proposals. He refused to recognize the Soviet absorption of the Baltic states; and, as against the Churchill-Stalin spheres-of-influence plan for Eastern Europe, Roosevelt came out with the Yalta Declaration on Liberated Europe. The effect of Yalta was to reaffirm the vital interest of the West in the freedom of Eastern Europe—an interest which Churchill had been prepared to surrender.

Far from abandoning Eastern Europe, as Mr. Burnham claims, our government has repeatedly made clear its continuing concern with Eastern Europe and the fate of its peoples. It has done this in the diplomatic sphere by protests to the satellite governments over the violation of the peace treaties. Does this imply an indifference to the fate of captive peoples? When Dean Acheson said on March 16, 1950, "Nothing would so alter the international climate as the holding of elections in the satellite states in which the true will of the people could be expressed," was he abandoning the satellite states to Moscow? Whom does Mr. Burnham think he is fooling? And what was done on political diplomatic levels was also done on the economic level, with the freezing of satellite assets, and on the clandestine level, with a multitude of projects which cannot be gone into here. The policy of 1947-1952 was far from a defensive policy.

No, the true antithesis is not between "containment" and "liberation." It is between the liberation of the areas of Soviet conquest by peaceful methods, which is what our policy has been, and the "liberation" of the satellite states and of the Russian people by war, which is what Mr. Burnham seems really to advocate. Of course, it is hard to pin Mr. Burnham down, since he becomes hopelessly vague whenever it is important to be specific.

Still, a few things remain clear in this swamp of ambiguity. One is that the United States must formally and publicly commit herself to the destruction of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Soviet regime. A naïve reader might suppose that Mr. Burnham is here reviving the "unconditional surrender" doctrine of World War II; but that can hardly be, because Mr. Burnham overflows with scorn at those who advocated unconditional surrender in 1945. Or could the solution be that unconditional surrender was a bad policy against Hitler but is a good policy against Stalin?

In any case, this formal avowal that the goal of American policy is the destruction of the Soviet regime will, Burnham continues, open the way for the use of political warfare against the Soviet Union. This is perhaps the weirdest argument of all. A public commitment to exact the unconditional surrender of Stalin would mean, in fact, the end of political warfare. For it would confront the Soviet Union and the Soviet bloc with no alternatives but surrender or destruction; and no government, as Mr. Lippmann is so fond of pointing out, will negotiate about its own survival.

Let us imagine what would have happened to Yugoslavia if Mr. Burnham had been Secretary of State in 1946. He would have ended relations with Tito, established King Peter as head of a government-in-exile, sent in arms and agents to Mihailovich's guerrillas, inundated the Yugoslav people with leaflets and radio broadcasts, and committed himself publicly to the overthrow of the Communist regime. Can he seriously think that with such a policy Titoism would ever have developed, or that Yugoslavia would be on our side today?

The Burnham policy, by banishing diplomacy and abolishing political warfare, would leave us no alternative but the use of force. Its next step would be to divest the United States of allies. Of course, on this point, as on most others, Burnham is hopelessly confused. Thus he will write at one moment, when he is arguing that the United States should concentrate on air power, that our allies must supply the bulk of the ground forces. "If American policy cannot gather allied mass armies . . . then it is probable that the Soviet Union can never be defeated." But, a little later, when he considers whether our allies will go along with the Burnham policy, he becomes far less concerned. We should make our own decisions without calculating on allies, he suggests. If they want to come along, fine; we will have real allies instead of just "clients and pensioners." If they don't? Mr. Burnham gets vague, as usual, once again; but the prospect doesn't seem to worry him.

There is a great show in this book of concern with issues of strategy; geopolitics derived from the writings of N. J. Spykman, but there is grievously little hard sense on concrete strategic problems. The question of allies, for example, is not, as Burnham seems to think, a question of sentiment; it is a question of strategy. Where does Burnham think the United States will get the bases from which our medium-range aircraft can bomb the Soviet Union if not from our allies? Where are we to get the manganese, chrome, tungsten, industrial diamonds required by our heavy industry? Mr. Burnham spends too much time in the geopolitical stratosphere to get down to mundane questions like these; but these questions need an answer before we can follow him in his nonchalant dismissal of the coalition principle which for a decade has been the keystone of our foreign policy.

Mr. Burnham's recipe spells only one solution: that is, a third world war—and one to be fought single-handedly by the United States. Once again, he fuzzes the question up.

> "Preventive war," [he writes] is the term used by the spokesmen of the Department of State [he means in the Acheson period] to refer to proposals that the United States should attempt to recover the strategic initiative.

Well, in that sense, and perhaps in others, Mr. Burnham certainly believes in preventive war. We may, of course, come to war in the end; and there may even be arguments in favor of it now; but it would be far better to have the question argued out in the open than swathed, as it is here, in Burnham's bland ambiguities. Outlining a policy that could only bring war—for the voluntary abdication of the Soviet leaders seems unlikely—he assures us of his personal conviction that the Soviet Union will be afraid to fight. This is nice of Mr. Burnham, but it may, in time, be an inadequate consolation. Mr. Burnham's prophecies have been notoriously unreliable in the past.

We have all known Mr. Burnham for a long time. He is a stock figure of our age (in certain more panicky circles, perhaps, a culture-hero)—he is the man in a permanent apocalypsis. In 1935 he was consumed by the certitude that the capitalist system was doomed to quick collapse, to be succeeded by a government of the workers, peasants and intellectuals. By 1940 he was consumed by a new certitude: this time capitalism, still doomed, was to be succeeded by the managerial revolution. By 1953, new certitudes: capitalism, doomed as ever, threatened now by liberal intellectuals and book reviewers for the New York *Sunday Times*, as well as by the Soviet Union, is to be saved only by war. Along the way, Burnham has said shrewd and sound things. But the general picture is of the evolution, not of an intelligence, but of a neurosis. He is the Bix Beiderbecke of our political journalism, only he has hit that high note once or twice too often.

George Orwell noted some years ago that Burnham's essential trick was to predict a continuation of whatever was happening—a major mental disease, Orwell said, whose roots lay "partly in cowardice and partly in the worship of power." It is its symptomatic quality that gives *Containment or Liberation* its significance. In all other respects, it is an absurd book written by an absurd man. But Mr. Dulles and the new Republican Administration have already been bedazzled by the word magic which sees a mighty contrast between "liberation" and "containment." If they move from Mr. Burnham's words to Mr. Burnham's policies, they may get us all into real trouble. For the antithesis is not between "containment" and "liberation." It is between the attempt to save the captive peoples by peaceful pressures—a policy to which this country has been committed since 1945—and the certainty of destroying them and perhaps the rest of us, through war.

Arthur Schlesinger Jr., professor at Harvard University, is winner of the Pulitzer Prize in history for his book, The Age of Jackson.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONE MAN'S CONSCIENCE

SUCH, SUCH WERE THE JOYS, by George Orwell (Harcourt, Brace; $3.50).

READING THESE ESSAYS, I could not but visualize a scene in a London pub. A tall lean man with scraggy neck, Adam's apple, bright eyes, and the sort of face I associate with a clay pipe, is holding forth. He is surrounded by a group of working-class people, but he has a wary eye on a bearded figure leaning over the bar some yards away, and even while he himself is talking, he is listening to the Intellectual's conversation. Suddenly he interrupts himself in the middle of a monologue about the British middle-class in order that the whole company may hear the Intellectual say a few words in French. At this, he cannot altogether repress a smile which indicates that among the workers the Intellectual has committed a social gaff; he has spoken in a foreign language correctly.

The workers themselves, I think, do not feel that this strange man who comes to the Pub every night is one of them. Some of the things he says—as when he says that freedom is going shortly to disappear from the face of the earth—they listen to incredulously. Others—as when he talks about the English workers themselves—embarrass them. All the same, they have a vague feeling that he is on their side, and his talk in some way fascinates them. Holding forth, they think, is his hobby. And deep down, they feel sorry for him. What they understand is that he is sick and sad and that he has a vision of terrible realities which they prefer not to think about.

George Orwell is an extremely English writer. He is a man with a grouse. He holds forth about his grievances—the intelligentsia, the rich, the Stalinists, nationalists of every kind. He has simple views about matters which more learned men have not been decided about: for example, he thinks that God and belief in immortality are nonsense. The views of nearly everyone except himself, especially those of writers who are religious, he seems to attribute to a desire to be fashionable, if not to bad faith. All the same, he is real and has a real point of view. The strength of his position as against most of his intellectual opponents is that they have been irresponsible, even if they have not actually betrayed our freedoms; whereas he has practised what he preached. He is a social democrat who has fought for his beliefs and voluntarily lived like a poor man.

More than this he cares simply and passionately for intellectual freedom. His real grievance against his fellow writers is that they have not paid the price of freedom. He does not blame them so much for changing sides as for not sticking consistently to one or two values and being prepared to live and die for them. These values really are *habeas corpus* and the duty to be honest as a writer, even though as a citizen one has to take sides in a political conflict. In a revealing passage, he says that the writer should, in our political age, "split himself into two compartments," the artist who recognizes "objective truth" and the political partisan.

This volume is happily chosen. In the course of it, Orwell states simply and clearly all his main ideas, and the reader is able to see how these have roots in his personal experience. For example, the resemblance of the world of his preparatory school to that of *1984* is striking. Crossgates was in fact a miniature police state in which Sim, the headmaster, was Big Brother, and there were tortures and confessions. All the same, curious obsessions crop up in Orwell's childhood which it is difficult to explain. For example, one day walking outside the school, he saw a man looking at him, and immediately he concluded that this man must be a spy employed by the headmaster to report on the activities of the boys out of school; he remarks that it would not have seemed extraordinary to him that the headmaster would employ a whole army of spies. Then, after a list of very genuine grievances about the conditions which the sons of the upper-class British endure at public schools, he complains that Eton schoolboys have fried fish for supper, as though this were as bad as all the other things.

The shadow of *1984* lies, indeed, over the whole volume, till the reader begins to realize that Orwell's last work resulted from the accumulated experience of years and was not just a bitter outburst of disillusionment after the Second World War. *1984* had roots in the First World War, and in the school experiences I have mentioned, which go back before then. For *1984* is based simply on the idea of a kind of arithmetic progression of horror; we discover this when, in the essay entitled "Looking Back on the Spanish Civil War," written in 1943, Orwell asks who would have imagined in 1925 that twenty years hence slavery would return to Europe. Elsewhere he shows his conviction that the area of freedom is diminishing, that the growth of the police state is inevitable, that the kinds of freedom to which we attach importance will be unthinkable in terms of the ideologies of tomorrow, that the writer in the liberal tradition is a mere survival, and that if there are writers at all in a totalitarian world of tomorrow they will be an entirely different kind of animal, unimaginable to us who are living today. The very illuminating essay "Inside the Whale," on Henry Miller's *Tropic of Capricorn*, is a curious foreshadowing of the love affair between Winston Smith and the girl secretary in *1984*. Orwell writes:

> From now onwards the all-important fact for the creative writer is going to be that this is not a writer's world. That does not mean that he cannot help bring the new society into being, but he can take no part in the process *as a writer*. . . . It seems likely, therefore, that in the remaining years of free speech any novel worth reading will follow more or less along the lines that Miller has followed.

Then he adds the curious prophecy about Miller himself: "Sooner or later I should expect him to fall into unintelligibility or charlatanism."

"Looking Back on the Spanish War" is the central essay in the book: Spain—as for so many others—is the turning point in Orwell's disillusionment. Here again we are in the world of *1984*. The truth about the Spanish War is perhaps already irrecoverable, because it has been hidden under so much untruthful propagandist thinking on both sides. He adds that he is frightened lest "the very concept of objective truth is fading out of the world."

Only two things remain for Orwell.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One is the hope that the workers are too firmly grounded in the short-term day-to-day solid preoccupations of their lives to be taken in by what he would have called not "The Age of Anxiety" but "The Age of Lies." The other is a patriotic faith in the power of England somehow to survive. Both these hopes he upholds against the Intelligentsia.

There is a great deal of fun and entertainment to be derived from this book, but very little that is comforting. From his grave, Orwell accuses the intellectuals of cowardice and irresponsibility, and he certainly says enough to give some of us, myself included, bad consciences. He does though show a way of intellectual honesty combined with decent public spiritedness which can be followed, if we are prepared to pay the price of not escaping into easy material conditions and tricky positions. Immediately after reading this book I read the most recent number of a leading literary review and felt extraordinarily depressed.

STEPHEN SPENDER

THE NOBLE DOCTOR

THE LETTERS OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, collected and edited by R. W. Chapman (Oxford; 3 volumes, $35).

IN A MAN'S LETTERS, Madam, his soul lies naked, his letters are only the mirrour of his breast, whatever passes within him is shown undisguised in its natural processes. . . . These are the letters by which souls are united, and by which Minds naturally in unison move each other as they are moved elsewhere.

Thus, on October 27, 1777, wrote Dr. Samuel Johnson, great Cham of literature, to his platonic mistress, Hester Thrale.

With his clear head, capacious heart, and noble spirit, Johnson drew many such friends into his orbit. More than 200 people shared the 1,500-odd letters in these volumes, and to every one the writer showed, with deep sincerity, some part of his truth. Many facets of his varied personality catch the light, his fearlessness, his humor, his struggle against physical handicaps, his wise observations as traveler, bibliographer, medical amateur, journalist, or moralist.

The sum of all is a collection of letters as much greater than the better-known ones of his contemporary, Horace Walpole, as Sam: was the greater man.

Walpole was a creature of air, a sylph observing from a remote height the surface sparkle of the 18th century world. It was an age that strove for surface sparkle, and he imparted it to his correspondents with a literary grace as airy as his subject-matter. A stranger in the world, he wrote as if to strangers, and we, strangers coming after, find him as lucid and delightful as did his correspondents in distant places. There is little that is dark or deep to puzzle us.

Samuel Johnson, to the observer of surfaces merely a "respectable Hottentot," was flesh and blood to the core of his heart; he had deeps and darknesses such as Horry among his Gothic bijouterie never knew. One horrifying glimpse only we get of the sometimes precarious balance of his mind, in an exchange of notes with Mrs. Thrale, on whom he depended, perhaps too much, to hold him in control.

Compared with Walpole's impersonal sallies of wit, Johnson's letters are intensely personal. If Horace had switched addresses, recipients might not always have noticed that it was someone else's letter they were reading. To no two correspondents did Johnson write alike. He was a master of the high style, the middle, and the familiar.

The "high style" is the style that one thinks of as "Johnsonian," with the unity and intricate grace of carved wood. In this style he would write to distinguished people, notably the famous letter to Lord Chesterfield, all the more biting because of its formality.

Less widely recognized, and more to modern taste, is his "middle style," sharp and pointed:

I received your foolish and impudent note [he writes to a literary faker who threatened him] I will not desist from detecting what I think a cheat from any fear of the menaces of a ruffian. . . . You may print this if you will.

Sam: Johnson

He can be charming on every level.

To strawberries and cream which still continue, [he writes from the country,] we now add custard and bilberry pie. Our two last fawns are well; but one of our swans is sick. Life, says Foresight [in the play], is chequer-work.

To Mrs. Thrale's oldest girl, then eight years old, he writes of her baby sister:

I suppose she is grown a pretty good scholar and a very good playfellow; after dinner we shall have good sport playing all together, and, [he adds gravely], we will none of us cry.

To the same difficult Miss, at seventeen, he wrote one of his finest letters:

Before you mingle in the crowd of life I wish you to exterminate captiousness from your mind, as a very powerful and active cause of discontent, of such discontent as is very often without reason, and almost always without remedy. Captiousness is commonly the resentment of negative injuries, or offences of omission, of which the ill intention cannot be proved, and should therefore very rarely be supposed. . . . Captiousness is a slow poison which destroys confidence and kindness by imperceptible corrosion. The captious man often determines wrong though he always determines against himself, and after years passed in gloom and malevolence, often discovers at last that he was never injured. . . .

This, my lovely dear, is a very grave and long lesson, but do not think it tedious, I have told you not many things more worthy of your attention and memory.

The publication of these 1,500 letters crowns the labors of a lifetime. R. W. Chapman has given thirty years to the task—thirty years of unceasing search that has resulted in the inclusion of some 470 new letters, thirty years of literary detective work that with the help and good will of a host of scholars has illuminated many obscurities in Johnson's life and letters. An elaborate scholarly apparatus of notes, appendices, keys, and indices, presents the student with a wealth of answers, and not a few questions to which answers are still to seek.

For the general reader, the collection is for dipping into rather than reading systematically. Every page is rich with the wit and wisdom of a great personality, and the reader who buys the book will be rewarded with many years of good reading.

LILLIAN DE LA TORRE

Miss de la Torre, a Johnsonian scholar, is the author of 18th Century historical studies including Elizabeth is Missing, The Heir of Douglas, *and* Sam: Johnson, Detector.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAN WITH A GROUSE

SHAME AND GLORY OF THE INTELLECTUALS, by Peter Viereck (Beacon Press; $4).

LET IT be understood that Mr. Viereck is not a liberal. He thinks of himself as a conservative, "politically descended from Burke," one who "distrusts human nature and believes (politically speaking) in Original Sin, which must be restrained by the ethical traffic lights of traditionalism." That definition of conservatism would surely make Senator Taft squirm, but it does have the rare advantage of candor, and Winston Churchill, who possesses the finest conservative mind of the century, would applaud it.

As for liberals, Mr. Viereck says that they are, " . . . descended from Rousseau" and "unconsciously assume the natural goodness of man—the less restrained in power the better." Well, some are; many do.

And Mr. Viereck is correct in observing that almost nobody in this country admits to being a conservative any more, and even Colonel McCormick objects to being called a "reactionary"—although the word itself is not a dishonorable one. Mr. Viereck does not add that these days even the most unorthodox liberals are understandably fearful of being thought of as radicals.

Early in his book, Mr. Viereck explains his title: the glory of "twentieth-century liberal intellectuals is the vigor with which they took the only possible position toward the Nazi threat." Their shame—and most of the readers of this magazine belong to the group he means—is, Viereck says, our "failure to expose and fight Stalinist totalitarianism with exactly the same vigor." For the most part, nonsense. The liberal and at times overpoweringly intellectual American Veterans Committee was fighting both the domestic and international Communist menace when the American Legion was still chartering clearly Stalinist posts. Immediately after the Second World War, those few liberal intellectuals still left in Washington, some of them in influential positions in the State Department, were pointing out the nature of Communism when, for instance, the American Generals were still drinking vodka cocktails in Timoshenko's honor and Patrick Hurley was saying that Chinese Communists were really rather like Oklahoma Republicans.

Nevertheless, it is true that there is still a small but excessively vocal group who, in the words of Viereck's Gaylord Babbitt, insist, "I'm a non-Communist, definitely a non-Communist—ah, but not an anti-Communist." Whoever heard of a "non-Nazi"—except in the mire of postwar Germany?

As for Gaylord himself, "George Babbitt's imaginary son," Mr. Viercek had a defensible idea in creating him. He started to caricature that familiar habitué of the aggressively esoteric art galleries and the more literary cocktail parties of Manhattan and Washington and Iowa City, the more uncritical admirer of the slush printed in the tinier "little" magazines and written by the more obscure poets as well as the letterhead endorser of all the more stylish "causes," the kind that have their banquets at the Waldorf.

Such minds are likely to be just as cluttered with clichés, though different ones, as was that of the Zenith, Ohio, businessman Sinclair Lewis invented. But Mr. Lewis felt a warm affection for George; Mr. Viereck seems to be without warmth or affection, and he obviously detests Gaylord, who thus emerges only as a grotesque shadow.

In fact, most of what Mr. Viereck is trying to say is grotesque and shadowy, which is a pity. There is a place—and a proud one—for a critic of those "liberal intellectuals" who mouth the proper shibboleths, who even now feel that Alger Hiss is simply a victim of the witch hunt, that the Rosenberg's conviction is only a sop to hysteria, and that members of the Communist Party are just somewhat noisy New Dealers.

But Mr. Viereck is clearly not the man for the job. His mind is too confused and his style too disordered. However, to his everlasting credit, he is not taken in by Senator McCarthy and his unsavory ilk, and he still remembers the Nazis. In his chapter on "The Nature of Freedom," he proves his devotion to the idea—but does not, I'm afraid, display a very clear understanding of the best way to defend it.

MERLE MILLER

ANONYMOUS WALKER

NO NAME IN THE STREET, by Kay Cicellis (Grove Press; $3).

SUPERFICIALLY, this novel may be placed in the dry-as-wine school, probably somewhere between Ivy Compton-Burnett and Henry Green. It should please readers with a palate for that range of styles very much. It rarely fails of a taut eventful syntax, its moral and physical colorations are an exquisitely accomplished *grisaille*, it bristles with intelligence and quintessential diction. There are observations and descriptions of a finesse to take your breath away. Some verbal inflations and dead spots in thought and handling are not enough to bother my conviction that Kay Cicellis is a small master of high intensity.

That much is enough to exclaim over, but given an interest in problems of form, there is more: this book may well be a momentous innovation in narrative method. Generally, a story has been a continuity of objective events or of streaming consciousness, or the mutual interruptions of the two; but now Kay Cicellis has made a narrative continuum of the constant changes in relationship between a subjectivity and outward things and other subjectivities, the relationships being conceived in terms of energy. The method becomes a sort of astronomy or physics of human association; the action is of attractions and repulsions, gravitations, velocities, pressures, fields, directions, vortices, and so on. The analogy is mercifully not explicit; but one does feel experience in something like the terms of the dominant science of one's time, and this very literal book still clearly expresses that sense of things, I think for the first time. As in this description of a dancing couple:

> They were exactly opposite each other, and her eyes effortlessly riveted to his, held them both in perfectly level relation. Again he had the sensation that the distance between them was exactly right. He had no wish to bring her closer.

That is *like* a conjunction of planets, or a balance of energies in a system, but it is literally true to contemporary life.

The main story tells how a negative hero is deflected from his trajectory to-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ward non-entity in a foreign factory, by the attraction of a furiously interrelated group of friends. After many disturbances within the magnetics of this "system," and having gathered positive energy from the web of changing tensions, he bolts and continues his original trajectory, drawing after him the interest and letters of the group. That is all, except for the beauty of the account, as exactly worked out in these terms as Proust or James in theirs.

It turns out finally that the locale is Athens, though it could have been almost anywhere. The book was written there, which may account in part for the confidently self-contained rational composition and the fine, almost Thucydidean, sense of live relations. But I cannot plausibly account for the book, name its true predecessor if any, nor say why, since Copernicus, this has not happened before, or never so emphatically, to my knowledge. No doubt it is less than great. Kay Cicellis may be the predecessor to a greater writer, a de Nerval to somebody else's Proust, or this may be the preliminary to bigger and still better books of her own, but meanwhile something extraordinary and exciting and of our time has been nobly begun.

DONALD SUTHERLAND

A CANDID PORTRAIT

THE INCREDIBLE CANADIAN, by Bruce Hutchison (Longmans, Green; $5).

ONE POINT about this book is beyond dispute—the accuracy of its title. William Lyon Mackenzie King, who was for twenty-one years the Prime Minister of Canada (between 1921 and 1948) and who unquestionably laid the foundations of Canada's present economic power and international standing, was a figure wholly unbelievable to those who did not know him. In a brilliant first chapter, which raises unfulfilled hopes about the rest of the book, Mr. Hutchison unfolds the paradoxes which his personality and career presented. Totally devoid of personal attraction or color, King managed to unite and in many ways to epitomize, the aspirations of a young nation built around the two most romanticist nations, the Scots and the French. He was a scholar and a philosopher and also "a devious party manager who never missed a trick or spared an enemy, a wiley caucus manager, a simple country squire, an attentive host, an implacable hater, and a reckless plunger as the occasion required." He was a Christian and an egotist, sending flowers to the bereaved and driving his secretaries to nervous breakdowns; an old fashioned nineteenth century snob who refashioned a derelict nineteenth century liberalism into the concept of the welfare state; the grandson of a man who had been outlawed by the British for rebellion, who played an important part (though not as important as his biographer suggests) in constructing the modern British Commonwealth; and finally, a man totally ignorant of war and strategy who led a divided country into the struggle against Germany and enabled it to make as distinguished a contribution as any of the allies. The flaccid figure of Mackenzie King who dabbled in spiritualism and died without a personal friend, bestrides modern Canada and will continue to do so for several generations to come.

Mr. Hutchison, who is a Canadian journalist of great experience and the author of a first class book—*The Unknown Country*—about Canada, addresses hmiself to the solution of this enormous riddle. The result is one of the most stimulating books that has come out of Canada in recent years. It is also a more illuminating picture of Mackenzie King than has hitherto been presented and will probably be more widely read than any later studies which will follow when King's vast legacy of papers and notes have been sorted and studied.

Nevertheless it is patchy. Mr. Hutchison has a hectic style which is ideally suited for a magazine article, but too tiring for a long book. He is so fond of his paradoxes that at times he is their victim, and distorts the unfolding of an important story, such as the constitutional crisis of 1926, in order to extract every possible antithesis from it.

But a more serious defect is the lack of any indication of the material on which the author rests his judgments. This is not an essay or a mere character study; it is a full length portrait; yet there are no notes nor any indication of whether certain judgments are based on scholarship or gossip. Granted that Ottawa is the best political club in the world, where cabinet ministers, officials and journalists live on terms of great intimacy, it is important to know, if this book is to be taken seriously, whether it was a reliable minister on whose memory the description of a cabinet meeting is founded, or who are the "friends" through whom so much inner history is revealed.

The best part of the book, and it is much the largest, is that which deals with Canadian politics for the author himself observed many of the developments which he describes (although in places it is too allusive for a non-Canadian to follow). The weakest is that which deals with King as an international figure, in his relations with London and Washington, for here Mr. Hutchison has clearly not consulted British or American sources or "friends," and has largely taken King's influence on Roosevelt or on the Commonwealth at his own valuation.

ALASTAIR BUCHAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

THE LITTLE MADELEINE, by Mrs. Robert Henrey (Dutton; $4).

Mrs. Henrey writes about a Paris unknown to many—dirty, squirming in poverty, damp, peopled by puzzled men who work hard then sleep or drink, and by women who sew, endlessly, and seek one another in alliance against the men. Their children usually die. When they live, they grow usually into tuberculosis, or the security of a wine-shop or café. Or, like the little Madeleine, they go to school, learn typing or hair-dressing, and make another kind of marriage.

Mrs. Henrey has a sense for irony and an eye for the grotesque. But she tries so hard to avoid sentimentality that her situations and her people are seldom evoked; they are too often merely described. The very abundance of both thus becomes a detriment. Every now and then someone comes to life: her father, occasionally her mother, but seldom herself, and the many others almost never. Thus is this book unequal to its material.

T. F.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOUGH COMPASSION

SATAN'S CHILDREN, by Georges Simenon (Prentice-Hall; $3.50).

TWO NOVELS, or simenons, are contained in this volume. Both hold a rich store of their tireless author's merits, and of his defects, as a writer. Both are toughly compassionate, and both are based on notably clear insight into the first two or three levels of particular human souls. But one at least is rather superficial and tricky, and the other is marred in its execution by an apparently ineradicable cheapness, appearing as the recognizable exploitation of violent sexuality. This tendency, marked in Simenon, may remain, unhappily, from the earlier time when, as Simenon himself has acknowledged, he deliberately made his books as "juicy" as he could, for the market they commanded. The effect on his recent serious work is depressing. It is as though his great natural gift had been crippled, by previous misuse, whose stubborn aftereffects he cannot now control.

I Take This Woman, the first short novel of the two, describes the tragedy resulting from an unwarranted assumption on the part of a rich and obtuse businessman as to his wife's motives in marrying him. The tragedy is not that she finally laces his demi-tasse with arsenic. This convulsive effort at self-preservation is a relief; the life that precedes it is the tragedy. Confident in his misjudgment, and fully as sensitive as a crowbar, this husband settles easily into indulgent contempt for his wife, invariably misunderstanding and misinterpreting every effort she makes to give him her love, and to have a life with him, instead of the existence *in vacuo* to which he quickly consigns her after their marriage. Helpless against his indifference, she settles submissively into a cool remoteness, until one fine day she simply tries to kill him. He recovers, barely, and in the course of the ordeal, arrives at a horrified understanding of what he has done to her for ten years. His punishment perfectly fits his crime: he falls in love with the woman he is now able to see, in retrospect, for the first time—but she has passed beyond him into an inaccessibility as great as his own has been.

The second, *Four Days in a Lifetime*, concerns a gentle, dimly good man who becomes a feared journalistic scandalmonger, with a sideline of blackmail, in the misguided hope of sparing his son from poverty, and of gaining the little boy's respect with money and "success." Not until the child attempts suicide is the father able to understand the real effect of the particular kind of effort he has been making. This is almost a very good novel, on a valid and important theme. Because it is, the Simenon flaw is all the more damaging to the whole. The relations of the hapless hero with his wife, who has been dying for over a year, with his son, and with an amiable and loyal prostitute, are perfectly handled; the introduction of two other nubile ladies as sensational sexual performers is entirely gratuitous, serving only as cue for the kind of Spillanish scenes and episodes in which the literary artist loses out to the pulpist in Simenon.

The question may certainly legitimately arise as to whether Simenon is exploiting human violence in the sense the tabloids do, whether, that is, he is simply selling it. It would be, I think, a mistake to assume so. Rather he is, I believe, making a serious attempt as a novelist to reach back for the causes of the violence which moves in most lives, and issues in a thousand crimes a day which reach our notice, and countless ones that do not. His failure to be of the first order may lie instead in the somewhat specious quality of his understanding, and in the handicap, as yet unsurmounted, set up by some of the former uses to which he put his gifts. He does not, it would seem, yet distinguish between the desirable, the truthful and objective treatment of evil, and the imitation of that, which amounts to connivance with it.

S. M. FITZGERALD

LITERARY AGENCY

EDITORS, JOURNALISTS, FREE-LANCERS! Fiction and non-fiction wanted for submission to top markets. Write for terms—Today! Mead Agency, 419 4th Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

PERSONAL

EVERYBODY, but everybody, shops at department stores. Why not be different? Come to Miss Goodman's "Where the individual is important." Better dresses, suits, coats at sane prices. Expert alterations. Miss Goodman, 362 Lexington Avenue, near 41st Street. Murray Hill 5-0670.

PITY THE DUMB OX

by Eric Bentley

ON THE FACE OF IT you'd think a playwright would make an effort to conceal his borrowings. That William Inge parades them is not, however, a sign of naiveté, it is a declaration of allegiance. The torn shirt of Stanley Kowalski is no mere fact in another author's story, it is a symbol, a banner, an oriflamme. It stands for the new priapism.

There is of course no denying that a hero has a body and that it is a male body. What is remarkable in certain plays of Williams and Inge is that so much is made of the hero's body and that he has so little else. The rose that, for Eliot, is rooted in so deeply and broadly human a garden blooms, for Williams, on the bared chest of pseudo-primitive man.

Admittedly, it may be impossible nowadays to sustain the attitude of the phallus worshipper in its purity. Kowalski is an impure phenomenon: if he is the full-blooded husband that every woman craves, he is also destructive and evil. In fact it is the cunning mixture of good and evil, health and sickness, that, for millions of spectators, has constituted a fascination.

Inge's *Picnic* may prove an equally effective piece of synthetic folk lore—a folk lore that is created, not *by*, but *for* the folk, the folk lore of the age of mechanized mass media. Inge, too, gives his Priapus a bad character, but he is careful to stipulate that the badness is the kind the public sympathizes with: this Priapus is pathetic. To offer pity to the kind of man upon whom contemporary civilization has showered its praises might seem, from the utilitarian point of view, unnecessary: why stack cards that are already stacked? But from the point of view of synthetic folk lore, it may well be a stroke of (synthetic) genius.

On the lowest estimate, it is a very happy accident. On the one hand, we have our alienated, homeless author, on the other our comfortable public, very much at home. How can the two meet to their mutual advantage? Well, for one thing, the indelicate public can decide it likes its authors delicate. For another, the authors can prove they aren't as delicate as all that, they can concede that in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

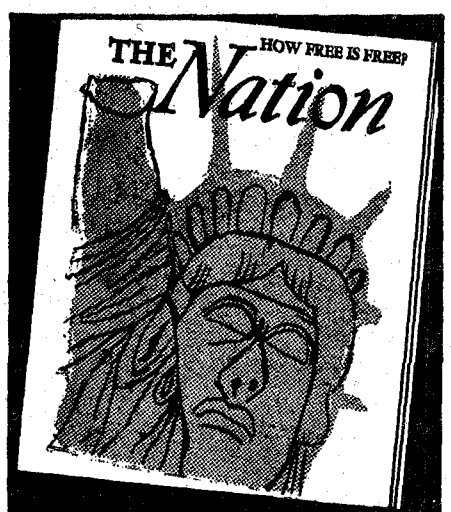
delicacy is a mighty fine thing. They can yearn for their opposite, they can indulge in orgies of overcompensation, they can flirt with the common man. A generation has passed since a movie star earned the title of the world's sweetheart. The Broadway public is not the world, nor is it composed of common men, but it is prepared to play the lover to any playwright-sweetheart who offers the right combination of coyness and compliance.

Second only in importance to the polarity of playwright and public is that of playwright and director. Until recently it seems to have been assumed that a director would merely re-inforce an author's effects, accenting what was already accented, to A adding more A. Our more sophisticated theatre prefers to give a play "the treatment"—adding to quality A a directorial temperament or idea of quality B. If a script A is deficient, and B is precisely what was needed to make good the deficiency, the partnership of author and director is a triumph. Though one can criticize Kazan's directing on various grounds, there is no denying that he brought to *Death of a Salesman* something that Jed Harris fails to bring to *The Crucible*, notably the tension of personal, not to say neurotic, relations. For this Dr. Jekyll of an innocent playwright, the "guilty man" Kazan was a salutary Mr. Hyde, while the innocent Harris is only another Dr. Jekyll. To *Mister Roberts* it was the author who brought the guilt, the director who brought the innocence. Reviewing the play several years ago, I defended Heggen at the expense of Logan; in retrospect, it seems only charitable to acknowledge that, without Logan, Heggen would probably not have been able to give us an evening of theatre at all.

Picnic, also, is directed by Joshua Logan, and those who find Inge a self-sufficient playwright have understandably complained of the B which the director adds to the author's A. For my part, I am not so sure that it is the writing which gives the evening its undoubted interest. Inges' main story seems to me tiresome in the extreme: that is why my comment on it has had to be solely sociological. I can accept it only as a libretto for Logan's directorial music and (what is closely connected) as material for his admirable actors. It is very lucky for Inge that his hero and heroine are not type cast. Logan was shrewd enough to allow for the fact that phallic symbols are much too featureless for drama. Ralph Meeker may have played Stanley Kowalski but (like Brando for that matter) he could never be *taken* for Stanley Kowalski: an actor can bring B to a character that is all A. With Inge's phallic hero goes a heroine of equal crudity and equal appeal: the dumbest and loveliest girl in town. Though, in a sense, it is her dumbness that makes her beauty irresistible (gives it "mass appeal," assures that it is "democratic"), I personally was glad that the actress (Jancie Rule) did not humiliate herself that much but intruded a pleasantly human intelligence. Kim Stanley contrived to make the most brilliant performance of the evening out of one of those adolescents who are bookish because they are not beautiful.

The subplot of *Picnic* is quite a different matter. It is another of those rather patronizing tales of amorous old maids, yet I feel patronizing in calling it patronizing, for certainly I found myself drawn into the joke and thoroughly enjoying it. Here too the acting and directing are first rate. Eileen Heckart and Arthur O'Connell manage to be both very funny and very real in parts that encourage the actor to be either one or the other. But, in this section of the play, the acting is strongly underpinned by a script. One cannot help asking why an author who can create the schoolteacher Miss Rosemary Sidney and her cheery colleagues who have seen life in New York (at Teachers' College and elsewhere) need reach after literature and ideas? Why can't he see through the popular fallacies of priapism and give himself to his own impulse for genuine domestic comedy?

(Answers: if he did *not* reach out after ideas, Bright, Literary, and Edifying, he would lose that middle-brow approval without which there can be no rave reviews in the tonier press; and if he were not priapist, there could be no such poster on Times Square—showing a young man in his underwear carnally gazing at a girl—as stands over the theatre where *Come Back, Little Sheba* is playing, that is, no "mass" interest in his work. In short, he would be a failure.)



SPECIAL: To introduce you to The Nation's exciting new program the editors invite you to accept with their compliments this extraordinary 64-page issue which has become the handbook on civil liberties.

America's Most Independent and Indispensable Magazine Since 1865

THE NATION
After 88 years The Nation still stands unique in its reporting and its analysis of the news behind the news.

THE NATION
Is regarded as *must* reading by those who make and guide policy throughout the world.

THE NATION
Fearless in its approach, it tackles the most explosive problems on domestic and world affairs, including the important issue of civil liberties.

THE NATION
Presents exciting and authoritive coverage of books, theater, music, and films.

THE NATION
Urges you to fill out the coupon below and receive a free copy of our special 64-page Civil Liberties issue, HOW FREE IS FREE?

38 issues for only $3 plus FREE 64-page Civil Liberties issue

Special Introductory Offer to New Subscribers Only!

THE NATION NR
20 Vesey Street, New York 7, N.Y.
I accept your invitation to receive The Nation as an introductory subscriber for the next 38 weeks and enclose my remittance of $3. I will also receive with your compliments the special 64-page Civil Liberties issue.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

PRINTED BY NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO. 301 N. ST., N. E., WASHINGTON 2, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STEVENSON ABROAD . . . .

ADLAI STEVENSON, who captured the admiration and respect of even more millions of Americans than voted for him, is now on his way to Asia. What he does, what he sees, the impact of his visit on an Asia in crisis are vitally important and tremendously interesting to *New Republic* readers. And the *New Republic* will follow his visit with the reporting of distinguished journalists wherever he goes. With *New Republic* reporters you will be on the spot with Stevenson in Japan, Korea, Formosa, Indonesia, Burma, India, Pakistan and Israel. Reporting you can't get elsewhere. Reporting you can trust. Beginning in the next issue.

"ROTTEN APPLE . . ."?

DURING the campaign Eisenhower said "But I can promise you this: If I should ever find a rotten apple in any barrel given to my care, it won't take three and a half years to get rid of it. There will be no cover-up of the corruption." Well, C. Wesley Roberts of Kansas was appointed Chairman of the Republican National Committee at President Eisenhower's direction and he is neck-deep in charges regarding a $11,000 fee he was paid incident to the sale of a hospital to the State of Kansas which it is alleged would have reverted to the state without cost. The story is an important one, but unless you reside in Kansas you haven't seen much about it in the one-party press. For the *full* story read "Ike's Kansas Gang" in the *New Republic* next week.

EVERY WEEK . . .

EVERY WEEK the *New Republic*, America's most distinguished journal of opinion and literary weekly, prints facts you can't get elsewhere, facts you must have to protect your country's future. We have made subscribing to the *New Republic* as easy as possible with a new 20 weeks for $2 offer. Fill in the coupon today for yourself, and especially for friends who may live where good newspapers are not readily available. Every new *New Republic* reader strengthens the forces of progress and freedom.

TEAR OFF HERE

20 WEEKS FOR $2.00 SPECIAL OFFER

THE NEW REPUBLIC
40 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

For the enclosed $..... please send the New Republic for the next 20 weeks to the following:

NAME..... NAME.....

ADDRESS..... ADDRESS.....

CITY & ZONE.....STATE..... CITY & ZONE.....STATE.....

NAME..... NAME.....

ADDRESS..... ADDRESS.....

CITY & ZONE.....STATE..... CITY & ZONE.....STATE.....

3-16-53

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED